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THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

THE FARMER'S LIFE,

AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS.

NUMBER II.

The introduction of the spinning jenny, soon followed by the invention of the cotton gin, was the beginning of a new era in the industries of this country, and more especially in Massachusetts; for the manufacture of cloth for clothing by machinery, so lightened the labors of all classes that they had time to devote to the production of those things which lifted them above the treadmill, that merely supplied the pressing wants of the body; this created a demand for a variety of manufactures, so great, that it was soon found necessary to have workmen who could devote their whole time to manufactures; thus came a division of labor. At first the machanic exchanged his wares with the farmer for the product of his farm. While this continued it did not very materially change the condition of the farmer; but when the labor saving machines were introduced to an extent that enabled the manufacturer to sell his wares abroad for the cash, it very sensibly affected the farmer. The ease and the cheapness with which the goods could be manufactured enabled the manufacturer to pay prices for labor that created an uneasiness among the farmers' sons and daughters, and one after another left the farm, to work in the manufactories, until so many left that large numbers of farms had none to care for them, except the farmer and his wife, whose declining years compelled them to gradually diminish their labors on the farm; thus the weeds, the briars, and the bushes crept in, and the farm presented a neglected appearance. At one time, to such extent was this carried, that many believed that farming in Massachusetts must be abandoned; but the demand among the mechanics for peculiar kinds of articles, that could not be transported long distances, was such as to raise prices to a point where the farmer could get a fair price for his labor, and get the cash when sold; this encouraged not only the farmers but also the sons to remain on the farm; in fact it drew some from the workshops, as soon as they were convinced that by the exercise of intelligence they could get as much or more for their labor in the field as they could in the factory. But these men did not buy hill farms, but farms with a rich productive so l.

At first the mechanic seemed to step above the farmer, because his labor was cash every Saturday night, giving him an opportunity to spend it at once for luxuries, while the farmer had to invest the most of his surplus labor in permanent improvements on the farm. In time the mechanic learned that while the farmer, in his old age, had a snug farm o fall back upon, the gradual accumulations of early manhood, he had nothing, having spent his surplus earnings for luxuries as soon as earned. Until this was realized the farmer's sons preferred the work shop to the field, and his daughters loved their smiles for the mechanics, and their frowns for the farmers.

Those who remained on the farm learned in time that they must change their methods of farming, and confine their labors principally to some crop that could be sold for the money. This compelled them to select such land as was best adapted to the particular crop they desired to grow. As most of the money crops required cultivation, it was necessary to select such land as was best adapted for cultivation; and it was also found that the produce that commanded the highest price, as a rule, was that which grew on land that produced the largest crops; so the successful farmers abandoned the rough hills, and the poor land, and cultivated only the rich planes and valleys that were so free from stones as to work easily.

As time progressed, it was found that the sale of large quantities of produce from the farm soon impoverished it, unless it received something more than the manures made on the farm. Thus a demand was created which brought into the market commercial fertilisers, which, as it cannot be supplied to the best advantage without intelligence, has done much to urge the farmer into a higher intellectual plane.

Thus urged, the farmer is beginning to realise the importance of mental improvement; but it has taken many years for him to realise that his occupation is one that requires more intelligence to use this labor to the best advantage than that of any other; and in fact, even to-day, there are far too many among the masses that do not fully realise the fact that a wider extent of knowledge can be used to advantage in agriculture than in any other occupation.

But we have made a wonderful advance. The very selection of our farms shows that. No intelligent farmer can examine an abandoned hill farm, without feeling that it was abandoned none too soon; nor can any one of intelligence look upon a valley farm, covered with the best varieties of fruit, grain and vegetables, without coming to the conclusion that there has been high intelligence to direct the labors upon it.

Compare a farmer's home of to-day with one a hundred years ago. How great the change. And will any one say it is not for the better? Who would prefer the unpainted house, the small windows, the dark rooms, with sanded floor and smoked walls, with no means to keep them warm enough for the hardiest flowers to grow, to a modern farm house, painted a color to suit the taste of the owner, large and numerous windows, well lighted rooms with carpeted floors, papered and painted walls, and conveniences for warming so complete that tropical plants will grow at all seasons of the year. And the inmates of the house! How changed the scene! The cards, the spinning wheel and the loom are banished, and no longer chain down the wife and daughters to a life of incessant drudgery, to simply cover the nakedness of the family. Newspapers, magazines and musical instruments have taken their place. Improvements have lessened the hours of labor, and given more time for study. The farm ers are beginning to realize the importance of giving their sons a thorough education, though they are to spend their lives on a farm. But with all of the improvements that have been made, there is need of further improvement, which will be considered in another article.

Questions & Answers.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by full name of the correspondent.

KENTUCKY BLUE GRASS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Is Kentucky blue grass a bunch grass or will it make good sward to use a lawn mower on? Is it able to stand dry weather as well as other grasses? When is the best time to sow the seed? Also, will a good top-dressing kill out bunch grass such as grows on poor land or will it only grow the more rank. Yours respectfully,

A CONSTANT READER.

East Weymouth, August, 1882.

Kentucky blue grass, (*Poa pratensis,*) is a perennial grass, and will grow on a variety of soils, from dry knolls to meadow land; does not grow in bunches, and makes one good variety for lawns, which, by the way, should be sown with several varieties of grasses, which can be purchased of seedsmen, all mixed. Blue grass endures the dry weather very well, but not as well as some varieties. August and September are the best months to sow the seed.

Bunch grass probably would not be killed out very soon by simply applying a top-dressing of manure; if it cannot be ploughed up the bunches may be cut off, and a liberal quantity of grass seed harrowed in, with a heavy dressing of fine manure. This, if done early in autumn, will supplant the bunch grass with better varieties.—[ED.

WOODCHUCKS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I think a sure way to kill woodchucks, if in holes, is to put one and one-half ounce of powder into a bottle, cut the cork on one side for the fuse, set it in the hole as far as you can reach, fill the mouth of the hole with dirt solid, then cut the fuse and light it.

The crows have come, eating the green corn; will you tell me how to prevent it, also is cotton seed meal good for hogs and horses? And oblige

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Haverhill, August, 1882.

This is a good way to kill woodchucks but not always sure, as we have found to our sorrow. A better way is to heat a piece of iron half as large as your hand, red hot, put it into the hole and drop on it a piece of roll brimstone as large as a good sized plum, having a sod at hand to cover the hole at once, the sod being also quickly covered with fine earth until no smoke can be seen. This is sure death to the woodchuck.

Crows can usually be kept from the cornfield by running a small line around it, five or six feet high; but this is not always sure, after the crows get a taste of the corn; if small pieces of bright tin be tied to the strings they usually frighten the crows when the sun shines. It is very rare that crows eat corn until it is ripe enough to cut up.

We are not among those who believe that cotton seed meal is as good as Indian meal, for either horses or hogs.—[ED.

FIELDS—MEADOWS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Have not the writers for agricultural papers for several years called our common fields meadows? If you think so I wish you would inform me through the *Ploughman* why it was done.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Peabody, Aug. 6, 1882.

We are not aware that writers have called all fields meadows. The term field applies more properly to tilled land, and meadow to grass land, and especially grass land that is too low to plough; but sometimes we speak of the meadows of the Connecticut Valley, in alluding to that portion which is high enough and hard enough to plough and to produce even corn and tobacco. The American definition of this word permits this: but in Great Britain the word meadow is confined more to wet land.

Thus it will be readily seen that a piece of land might, while in grass, be called a meadow, and when ploughed up and planted to corn, be called a field, and the two titles be warranted by the definitions of the two words.—[ED.

SHADE TREES IN MOWINGS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you please to state in the next *Ploughman* your view of the policy of allowing shade trees (such as elms, maples, etc.,) to grow in mowings? also whether it pays to save and rear the scattering apple trees which frequently show themselves in old fields and in matured mowings, and greatly oblige A READER.

Petersham, Aug. 26th, 1882.

As to whether or not it is best to allow shade trees, like elms and maples, to grow in mowing fields depends on circumstances. If the object is wholly for profit, they should not be permitted to grow, but if the field is near the residence, where the family frequently walk, and beauty as well as comfort are among the things prized higher than dollars and cents, then let them grow, even though they injure the grass, as they will, by the dropping of their leaves, and by the nourishment the roots draw from the land. To grow elms or maples in mowing land simply for the wood, we should consider very poor policy.

Apple trees, as a rule, had better be grown in an orchard by themselves. To have scattering trees in the mowing land is bad for the grass, and the grass is bad for the trees; and if the land requires to be ploughed up to re-seed, the trees are very much in the way. Trees and grass are crops that do not agree with each other very well, and therefore should not be grown together, except on ornamental grounds.—[ED.

☞ The eye of a steer, when prominent b right and clear, with a mild and gentle e pression, is an indication of health, with a quiet disposition and good feeding quality. If the eye is dull and sunken the capillary circulation will be defedtive and the functions of nutrition imperfectly performed, and there will not only be a deficiency in the ability to fatten but a lack of strength and constitutional vigor. A restless and wild expression of the eye indicates a predominance of nervous action and an unquiet disposition that is not compatible with good feeding quality.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

"THE GREAT LAW OF NATURE."

BY CHARLES M. HOVEY.

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

We read Mr. Roe's stories and novels with the greatest pleasure. They are among the books which all may read. The characters, the incidents, and all, are natural, following the "Great Law of Nature." But when he finishes his beautiful stories and begins to tell us about strawberry and blackberry culture, he reverses everything. Here the object is "restriction," and he will not allow the "great law of nature" to be followed, but he hacks and chops, right and left, as he says, to develop "fruit rather than wood," attempting to undertake the Japan mode of restriction, without apparently knowing how this is done. I may be in error, and Mr. Roe may have been misrepresented, but I find the following in the *Ploughman* of a late date:

Mr. E. P. Roe says that the secret of success in small fruit culture is found in two words, stimulation, restriction. By stimulation he means a thoroughly pulverized and enriched soil. This is especially essential to the strawberry, the foreign raspberry, and all the currants. A rampant growing raspberry like the Cuthbert or Turner, and our vigorous blackberries, do not require stimulation, but by restriction and severe restriction is meant the development of fruit rather than wood or vines. Set out a strawberry plant in a very deep, rich, moist soil, and its first tendency is to follow the great law of nature, and propagate itself, but to the degree that it makes plants it cannot make fruit. Cut off every runner and enormous fruit buds are developed. The sap is dammed up as a miller restricts a stream, and the result is strawberries that are double in size and quantity. This is equally true of raspberries. Currant bushes crowded with wood bear little fruit.

Can this be true? It is possible that nature did not intend a tree or a plant should make wood before it can bear fruit? Will continually cutting off half or two-thirds of a tree of any kind make it bear a larger quantity of fruit than if it is allowed to develop its branches? I should suppose many of our cultivators had paid dearly for such restriction, if we could only see all the pear and apple trees that had been pruned yearly, resulting in a mass of wood, but no fruit. I have already recorded the fact somswhere of my attempt to make beautiful pyramidal trees, by yearly pruning; and beautiful they were, admired by everybody, but never a fruit,—or at least enough to pay for gathering. Twenty years of such cropping resulted in banishing the saw and knife from our grounds, and since then the trees have broken down with the yearly crop of fine fruit.

Did not our Cincinnati grape growers once try the French mode of culture with their Catawba grapes? That is what is called the low *Souche* system as described by Mr. Wm. J. Flagg in his "European Vineyards," and that it was a failure. From whatever reason, which I need not take time to discuss here, no fruit was obtained and the vines allowed to make wood. It European vines succumb to their masters, the American can possibly partaking of our national trait refuse to be "stimulated and restricted." 2,500 grape vines are planted on an acre, none of them, as I saw them, over three feet high, and tew bearing more than half a dozen clusters of grapes.

But all this was reversed in Italy. Mr. Flagg tells us the vines are allowed to grow to any extent, running upon trees planted fifteen feet apart, and two or three vines to each tree. No restriction, and the crop was quite as great a success as in France. I quote Mr. Flagg, "For the custom of high training, either on trees or trellis, my host could give me no reason. Notwithstanding all said (in France) against their methods, I think the Italians know what they are about. The pruning was being carefully done according to their system, whatever it was, and by what right could I tell them it was wrong? A Polish lady who owned vineyards in Florence, and who told me she was determined to adopt the French system of training and pruning, notwithstanding her Italian neighbors warned her it would never do, and another lady a few days afterwards told me her father, a Frenchman, had in fact tried the experiment on an Italian vineyard with the loss of the vines as the result." Just as the Cincinnati growers killed their vines, *en souche*. So much for stimulation and restriction applied to the grape.

I might go on and notice various trees and shrubs, where restriction has been attempted, and which has resulted in failure, but I will only allude to the strawberry which Mr. Roe says "must be cut so as to dam up the sap, as a miller restricts the stream," the larger part of the water supply —if it amounts to anything, usually going over the dam, doing precisely what the plant does where there is any supply of sap, trying to make new wood, never fruit. Now it so happens, accidentally, it may be, for I never thought of this subject at so early a day, that in the year 1838 I planted out 12 strawberry plants in the centre of a bed dug and manured, just 12 feet long and 2 feet wide. I copy the account written and published at that time (Mag. of Hort., vol. 6, p. 292.)

"It has never been my good fortune to see a bed of strawberry plants present the same vigorous aspect and promising appearance as this seedling. Nothing was removed from the bed. The plants darted up through the thin surface of manure, and, in the course of a week or two, not a spot of soil in the bed could be seen. The flower stems shot up with bold and prominent buds and the most enthusiastic cultivator could not have desired anything more promising. By the time the fruit was setting the foliage was so tall and strong that not a truss could be seen, without parting the leaves. No water was given, but the fruit continued to swell rapidly, and the 24th of June a few berries on the outside of the bed were ripe. On the 29th three or four quarts were gathered of extraordinary size. They were exhibited at the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and were awarded the premium. The fruit continued to hold out until the 12th of July, when the last were, gathered leaving however some scattering berries. The product of the bed was upwards of 15 quarts.

Now, did Mr. Roe ever gather fifteen quarts of berries from twelve single plants, managed on his "stimulation and restriction" system, thwarting the great law of nature, by cutting off "every runner?" If he has or any one else ever did, then I must acknowledge that all my experience of upwards of fifty years in cultivating annually more than fifty varieties, is a chimera, a bubble, and I will not for the future follow the great law of nature, but cut in and cut out, and try Mr. Roe's panacea as the "true secret of success."

"The first tendency of the strawberry is to follow the great law of nature and propagate itself," says Mr. Roe. Is not the tendency of other plants to do the same? And if so should they not be treated in the same way? What a boon it would be to cultivators of the Lima bean, squashes, and cucumbers, to adopt this practice to secure success. The first tendency of these plants is to run and propagate themselves, on the restriction system: we could dispense with all the labor and cost of poles, by cutting off all the runners of the beans, and could plant four times as many hills of squashes on an acre.

That great industry of hop growing would be reduced to minimum of cost by keeping all the runners cut off, the large expense of long poles no longer needed, and the crop close to the ground for picking.

That strawberries can be cultivated in various ways with fair success is well known. They may be grown in single hills in close single rows, in solid beds or other-ways. The leaves can all be mown off in summer, and yet a good crop gathered—no one denies this. Convenience of gathering, the space at command, expense of weeding and cutting often require one or the other modes of culture. The only question of importance is, shall we follow the "great law of Nature," or butt against it.

I have never seen or read Mr. Roe's book on the culture of Small Fruits, though my library contains all the leading works of English, French, and American writers on Gardening. But if the principle he now annunciates is advocated and recommended neither myself or cultivators in general will gain much useful information in its perusal.

What Mr. Roe means by a "thoroughly pulverized soil" I do not know; but one would infer that it meant what he says. However, Mr. Roe can pulverize his soil as much as he pleases, but modern writers on the culture of the choicest plants in pots tell us never by any means to "sift the soil," but use it coarse; and the farmer who would pulverize his soil would find his crop lessened just in proportion to his pulverization.

It would be a pleasure to any one something of the true character of the strawberry which appears to be very little known, but it must be reserved for another time.

Stock Department.

JUDGING COWS.

[American Dairyman.]

There is no point in issue between the breeders of dairy cattle about which there is such a diversity of opinion as that of judging the merits of milch cows. With horses the watch makes the criterion with runners and trotters, while the animals can be tested by the dead pull, and carriage or park horses need most to please the eye. With beef cattle the scales and handling generally give very good satisfaction, though the butchers' block should be the ultimate criterion. When, however, we come to cows in milk to determine which is the best, there are so many innate or latent virtues and vices it is hard indeed to tell which is the best in a herd without long and patient study, and even then they vary so in each year's performance the decree of one season is often overruled by the experiences of another.

In the showing of courses the examination upon which the judges must rely is of necessity the most superficial. To be sure the cow can be milked and the question as to which is the best when fresh, may be with proper precautions against trickery, tolerably well determined, but after all the best cow is not the one that does best immediately after calving, but on the contrary it is generally the one that does best immediately before calving. That is, the one that holds out best throughout the year, is the one that returns greater profits to the owner. This is often proved by actual experiment to the utter amasement of the owner, especially the first season that the owner uses the scales. It is the old story of the tortoise and the hare.

Again, the question of quality of yield is of the greatest value only to the man who sells milk, while the butter maker is more anxious about the cream than the butter supply. This point is exceedingly difficult to determine on a short acquaintance with cows, and even science seems unable to solve the problem. Cream gages and lactometers alike are misleading. Nothing but actual tests can be able to settle the question outside of elaborate and expensive analyses. Having tried all the modern appliances for cheap and expeditious tests, we are inclined to think the mouth the best judge after all. With care and considerable practice most people can tell rich milk when they taste it, though there are many ways to deceive the tongue. Milk that has stood long enough for the cream to rise and is then thoroughly mixed again will all taste much richer than it would when first drawn from the cow. This is probably owing to the lumpiness of the cream, which takes hold on the organs of taste more readily.

The cow that gives the richest had the greatest trouble and accomplished the least in the matter of testing or judging are those who manage the various cattle clubs.

There is just now an article going the rounds of the papers written from the Island of Jersey, in which it is stated that a cow may carry off all the points of excellence, or at least a large proportion of them under the Island rules, and yet not be able to produce milk enough to raise her own calf. Whether this be entirely accurate or not the same statement will apply to the cattle entered in or judged by the rules or scale of points of the American Jersey Cattle Club. These clubs look more tenderly after the exterior style and color than they do after the intrinsic quality of milk and butter. It does seem strange that the first point of importance should be so completely neglected. We suppose, however, it comes from the difficulties surrounding the question of test. The size, shape, and general conformity of the udder with the actual milk yield that could be easily determined we should think, would lead to a reform in this matter.

FARM YARD MANURE.

[American Agriculturist.]

The composition of the manure made in the barn-yard, is determined by the character of the animals, and the food which they receive. In case of a full grown animal, that is neither gaining or losing in weight, the manure will contain the same amount of nitrogen, and ash constituents, as were present in the food consumed. The animal is like a machine for the conversion of the principal fertilising constituents of the fodder, into a more available form for plant food. If an animal is gaining in flesh, producing milk, or growing wool, etc., its manure will be less valuable. The character of food affects the quality of manure. A diet of straw can give only a poor manure, while if the animal has a good supply of rich food, as oil-cake and bran, its manure will be correspondingly rich in nitrogen, and ash constituents. Aside from the animal and the food it gets, the value of a manure is governed greatly by the treatment it receives after being dropped. Save the urine.

OFFICIAL LIST
-OF-
PREMIUMS
AWARDED AT
THE GREAT FAIR!
-OF-
1882,
OF THE
NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,
HELD IN CONNECTION WITH THE
WORCESTER AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,
ON THE GROUNDS OF THE
Worcester Agricultural Society,
IN THE CITY OF
WORCESTER, MASS.,
—ON—
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday,
September 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, 1882.

NINETEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION!

CLASS I.—CATTLE.

SHORTHORN STOCK.

SWEEPSTAKES—(Society's gold medal)—Eliza Sutton, Centre Harbor, N H, for Young Chorister, sire for one year, Silver medal, B

Herds—1st prem, 25 00, Eliza Sutton; 2d do, 15 00, B Sumner & Son, Woodstock, Conn.

Bulls, 4 yrs and upwards, with show of stock—1st prem, 20 00, B Sumner & Son, for Bad Baronet.

Bulls—2 yrs and under 3—1st prem, Eliza Sutton, for young Chorister; 2d do 12 00, Lyman Draper, Brookfield, for Baron Hubbuck 4th.

Bull calves—1st prem, 5 00, Eliza Sutton, for North Star; 2d do, 2 00, B Sumner & Son, for Alfonso.

Cows and Heifers—4 yrs or over—1st prem, 20 00, John L Best, Portland, Me, for Rubina; 2d do, 13 00, B Sumner & Son, for Miss Lily 2d; 3 yrs and under 4—1st prem, 18 00, Eliza Sutton, for Rena; 2d do, 10 00, B Sumner & Son, for Adele. 2 yrs and under 3—1st prem, 13 00, Eliza Sutton, for Lady Clematis; 2d do, 8 00, for Dawdrop 12th. 1 yr and under 2—1st and 2d prems, 10 00 and 5 00, B Sumner & Son, for Tertco 7th of Mansfield, and Daisy of Mansfield.

Heifer calves—1st prem, 5 00, B Sumner & Son, for Gold Gymuse 10th; 2d, 3 00, Lyman Draper, for Dewdrop.

The committee unanimously recommended a special award or mention of Pliny Moore's cow, La Belle 8th, and of Mr. Lyman Draper's herd of superior *milking* Shorthorns.

DEVONS.

SWEEPSTAKES—(Society's gold medal)—J B Sanborn, E Concord, N H, for 3 yr old bull.

Herds—1st prem, 20 00, J N B Read, Princeton; 2d, 15 00, J S Titus, Washington Depot, Conn.

Bulls and show of stock—1st prem, 25 00, Isaac Woodbury, Orange Depot, N H; 2d do, 12 00, F H Andrews, East Woodstock, Conn.

Bulls—2 yrs, 1st prem, 20 00, J B Sanborn; 2d do, 12 00, Harvey Dodge, Sutton, for Ken nucky. 2 yrs, 1st prem, 15 00, J S Titus; 2d do, 12 00, Wm Eames, Worcester, for Belvidere. 1 yr, 1st prem, 10 00, N B Read, for Omega; 2d do, 6 00, Isaac Woodbury, for Chadman.

Bull calves—1st prem, 5 00, J S Titus; 2d do, 3 00, J B Sanborn.

Cows and Heifers—4 yrs and upwards, 1st prem, 20 00, Isaac Woodbury, for Juno; 2d do, 12 00, N B Read, for Rose 5th. 3 yrs, 1st prem, 18 00, N B Read, for Rose's Fairy 2d; 2d do, 10 00, J S Titus. 2 yrs, 1st prem, 10 00, N B Read, for Read's Fairy 3d; 2d do, 8 00, J S Titus. 1 yr, 1st prem, 10 00, N B Read, for Read's Fairy 4th; 2d do, 5 00, J S Titus.

Heifer calves—1st prem, 5 00, B F & H A Harrington; 2d do, 3 00, J Cunningham, Hopkinton, Jersey Belle.

GUERNSEYS.

Herds—1st prem, 25 00, Alexander Warner, Pomfret, Conn.

Bulls, with show of stock—1st prem, 25 00, same, for Gypsy Boy.

Bulls—1 yr, 1st prem, 12 00, same, for Lord Dudley.

Cows and heifers—4 yrs and over, 1st prem, 20 00, same, Fanny; 2d do, 12 00, same, Dandidee. 3 yrs, 1st prem, 18 00, same, Blanche Shumsan. 2 yrs, 1st prem, 12 00, same, Mollie Raymond; 2d do, 8 00, same, Lady Jane 4th. 1 yr, 1st prem, 10 00, same, Lady Gertrude; 3d do, 5 00, same, Nellie of Woodlawn.

SWISS.

SWEEPSTAKES—(Society's gold medal)—Best bull, 2 yrs or over, Isaac Barnes, Collinsville, Conn, for Increase Teil. Best cow o heifer (silver medal) J A Bancroft, Worcester, for Ethel.

Herds—1st prem, 25 00, I Barnes; 2d do, 15 00, J A Bancroft.

Bulls—4 yrs and over, with show of stock—1st prem, 25 00, J A Bancroft.

Bulls—3 yrs, 2d prem, 12 00, I Barnes: 2d do, 8 00, J A Bancroft.

Cows and heifers—4 yrs and upwards, 1st prem, 20 00, B F & H A Harrington, for Beauty 2d; 2d do, 12 00, B F & H A Harrington, for Melville 2d; 3 yrs, 1st prem, 18 00, I Barnes; 2d do, 10 00, J A Bancroft; 2 yrs, 1st prem, 12 00, Gilman F Young, Grafton, for Duke of Grafton.

Bull calves—1st prem, 8 00, B J Stone; 2d do, 3 00, W A Childs.

Cows and heifers—4 yrs and upwards, 1st prem, 20 00, B F & H A Harrington, for Beauty 2d; 2d do, 12 00, B J Stone, for Ruth McGregor; 3 yrs, 1st prem, 18 00, B J Stone, for Lena Mc Gregor; 2d do, 10 00, G F Young, Grafton, for Minnie Dimon 2d; 2 yrs, 1st prem 12 00, B F & H A Harrington, for Holly Branch; 2d do, 8 00, B J Stone. 1 yr, 1st prem, 10 00, B J Stone; 2d do, 5 00, B F & H A Harrington, for Red Bird.

Heifer calves—1st and 2d prems, 8 00 and 3 00, B J Stone.

BELTED DUTCH.

No premiums having been offered on this class, the comm ttee say that the stock exhibited by C H Tilson, of Ashland, Mass., "is the most magnificent show of cattle, consisting of fifteen specimens of dry stock, that has ever been offered to the Society, so far as we have seen," and recommend the following as gratuities or specials:

Herd premium, for bull and four cows or heifers, $5 00.

Best bull, 3 yrs old, 18 00; 2d best, 12 00.

Best cow, 4 yrs, 20 00; 2d best, 18 00.

Best heifer, 3 yrs, 18 00.

Best calf, 5 00; 2d best, 3 00.

JERSEYS.

SWEEPSTAKES—Best bull, 2 yrs old and over,—(Society's gold medal)—O B Hadwen, Worcester, for Gray King; best cow, (silver medal), B F & H A Harrington, for Forget-me-not.

Herds—1st prem, 25 00, O B Hadwen; 2d do, 25 00, E A Bemis, Spencer.

Bulls—4 yrs or over, with show of stock—1st prem, 25 00, E A Bemis.

Bulls—2 yrs, 1st prem, 18 00, B F & H A Harrington, for Mantic; 2d do, 12 00, C E Holmes, Hopkinton, for Prince of Cottage Farm. 1 yr, 1st prem, 12 00, A W Bowker, Peterboro', for H. for Sarf; 2d do, 5 00, W T Merrifield, Worcester, for Tyrant.

Cows and heifers—4 yrs and over, 1st prem, 20 00, B F & H A Harrington, Forget-me-not; 2d do, 12 00, B F & H A Harrington, Gem; 3 yrs, 1st prem, 18 00, W T Merrifield, Pearl; 2 do, 10 00, W S Lincoln, Worcester, Cinderella; 2 yrs, 1st prem, 13 00, B F & H A Harrington, Forsaken; 2d do, 8 00, O B Hadwen, Tanah; 1 yr, 1st prem, 10 00, E A Bemis, Spencer, Lois; 2d do, 4 00, O B Hadwen, Cremata.

Heifer calves—1st prem, 8 00, B F & H A Harrington; 2d do, 3 00, J Cunningham, Hopkinton, Jersey Belle.

GUERNSEYS.

Herds—1st prem, 25 00, Alexander Warner, Pomfret, Conn.

Bulls, with show of stock—1st prem, 25 00, same, for Gypsy Boy.

Bulls—1 yr, 1st prem, 12 00, same, for Lord Dudley.

Cows and heifers—4 yrs and over, 1st prem, 20 00, same, Fanny; 2d do, 12 00, same, Dandidee. 3 yrs, 1st prem, 18 00, same, Blanche Shumsan. 2 yrs, 1st prem, 12 00, same, Mollie Raymond; 2d do, 8 00, same, Lady Jane 4th. 1 yr, 1st prem, 10 00, same, Lady Gertrude; 3d do, 5 00, same, Nellie of Woodlawn.

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Herds—1st prem, 25 00, I Barnes; 2d do, 15 00, J A Bancroft.

Bulls—4 yrs and over, with show of stock—1st prem, 25 00, J A Bancroft.

Bulls—3 yrs, 2d prem, 12 00, I Barnes: 2d do, 8 00, J A Bancroft.

Cows and heifers—4 yrs and upwards, 1st prem, 20 00, B F & H A Harrington, for Beauty 2d; 2d do, 12 00, B F & H A Harrington, for Melville 2d; 3 yrs, 1st prem, 18 00, L W Weston, Lincoln, Mass; 2d do, 12 00, B J Stone, for Nathan; 2 yrs, 1st prem, 12 00, Gilman F Young, Grafton, for Duke of Grafton.

Bull calves—1st prem, 8 00, B J Stone; 2d do, 3 00, W A Childs.

Cows and heifers—4 yrs and upwards, 1st prem, 20 00, B F & H A Harrington, for Beauty 2d; 2d do, 12 00, B J Stone, for Ruth McGregor; 3 yrs, 1st prem, 18 00, B J Stone, for Lena Mc Gregor; 2d do, 10 00, G F Young, Grafton, for Minnie Dimon 2d;

Premiums Continued.

Best fine skirt, Miss Lottie Houghton, 3 00.
" " shirt, Mrs Maggie Flanders, 3 00.
" silk patch counterpane, Mrs Mary D Hyde, Somerville, 3 00; 2d best, Mrs Mary D Hyde, Oxford, 2 00; 3d best, Mrs M E Stone, 1 00
Woolen patchwork—1st prem, 3 00, Mrs H N Holmes, North Brookfield; 2d do, 2 00, Mrs Kittie A Humphrey.
Calico patchwork—1st prem, 3 00, Miss Lilla Gore; 2d do, 2 00, Mrs Mary Hamilton, Spencer; 3d do, 1 00, Mrs C R Hopson.
Knit bedspread—1st prem, 3 00, Mrs Henry C Penniman, Woodstock, Ct; 2d do, 2 00, Miss M E Anthony.
Crochet bedspread—1st prem, 3 00, Mrs F P Simonds.
Worsted work—1st prem, 3 00, Mrs C M Perry; 2d do, 2 00, Mrs A G Maxner, Holyoke.
Worsted slippers, Miss Lottie Houghton, 3 00.
Silk embroidery—1st prem, 3 00, Mrs Edward Crowell, Lowell; 2d do, 2 00, E K Mitchell.
Worsted embroidery—1st prem, 3 00, Emma Stead; 2d do, 1 00, Mrs H H Ripley.
Afghan—1st prem, 3 00, Ida Warren, Leicester; 2d do, 2 00, Mrs James T Maynard.
Crochet work—1st prem, 3 00, Mrs Geo Howe, North Brookfield; 2d do, 2 00, Ella E Stone.
Crochet tidy—1st prem, 2 00, Mrs Edward Farrar; 2d do, 1 00, Mrs J W Bigelow; 3d do, 50, Mrs W E Greene.
Netted tidy—1st prem, 2 00, Mrs H E Henshaw, Leicester; 2d do, 1 00, Mrs B H Crowell; 3d do, 50, Mrs E D Hartwell, N E Village.
Embroidered tidy—1st prem, 2 00, Mrs J K Brown; 2d do, 1 00, J Mabel Mann; 3d do, 50, Helen E Woodward.
Hand knit stockings—1st prem, 2 00, Mrs K Hall; 2d do, 1 00, Mrs Geo H Estabrook.
Silk socks—1st prem, 2 00, L J B; 2d do, 1 00, Mrs B H Crowell.
Sofa cushion—1st prem, 2 00; Carrie M Wooster; 2d do, 1 00, Mrs M D Gilman.
Toilet cushion—1st prem, 2 00, S A Estabrook; 2d do, 1 00, Mrs W Anderson.
Rag rug, 1st prem, 3 00, Mrs Wm H Sanford; 2d do, 2 00, Mrs Joseph Dennis; 3d do, 1 00, Mrs N P Gates.
Yarn hearth rug—1st prem, 3 00, Mrs C H Carpenter; 2d do, 2 00, Mrs H L Stone; 3d do, 1 00, Mrs M J Sumner.
Best table cover, Mrs Maria R Dimon, North Oxford, 3 00.
Best chair cover, Mrs C F Delvey, 3 00.
Best embroidered woman's cloak, Mrs I W Smith, Northbridge, 3 00.
Best woolen shawl, hand made, Miss S A Estabrook, 3 00.
Best specimen Kensington work, Emily E Stowe, 3 00; 2d best, 2 00, Mrs G W Rogers; 3d best, 1 00, Miss M A Collins.
Hand-made lace—1st prem, 3 00, Mrs B H Crowell; 2d do, 2 00, Miss C H Farnsworth.

GRATUITIES.

Woolen stockings, Sally F Eaton, 1 50; Mrs Rhoda Mudgett, 1 00.
Cotton socks, Mrs Geo M Pierce, 1 00.
Knit spread, Mrs A M Stowe, Oxford, 1 00.
Japanese table cover, Mrs E K Mitchell, 1 00.
White wax wreath, Emma Stead, 1 00.
Knit skirt, Mrs J H Arnold, 1 00.
Three tidies, Mrs H S Dicker, 1 00.
Darned lace on suit, Mrs E K Mitchell, 50.
Mexican work, Mrs Wm H Sanford, 50.
Fancy shell work, Mrs. Haslop, 50
White dress, Mrs. A S Newcomb, 1 00.
Foot rest in Kensington, H M Ruggles, 1 00.
Satin pillow, Miss Lottie Houghton, 50.
Calico quilt, Mrs Parrit, Boston, 1 00.
Table scarf, Mrs G W Rogers, 50.
Tidy, Mrs Dr Nichols, 50.
Tidy, Miss Susie Gale, 50.
Lace collar, L P Stowe, 50.
Gentlemen's socks, Miss Julia Harlow, 50.
Skirt, H S Dicker, 1 00.
Pin cushion, Mrs Henry Penniman, Woodstock, Conn, 50.
Crochet apron, Emily W Searles, 50.
Crochet afghan, Mrs Otis Whittemore, Leicester, 1 00.
Lace scarf, Miss Mary E Warner, 50.
Curtains, Dora Paige, 50; Cora Pace, 50.
Table spread, Addie W Hartman, 50.
Bed quilt, Louisa Knox, 50.
Hand-made lace, Mrs M M Lord, 50.
Silk spread, L W Faulkner, Billerica, 1 00.
Lambrequin in Kensington, Miss Lillian Clark, Shirley, 1 00.
Silk lounge cover, Abbie M White, Grafton, 50.
Tidy in Kensington, Mrs Francis H Knowles, 50
Motto, Cora D Robinson, 50; Iona A Robinson, 50.
Knit quilt, Mrs C D Stafford, N Oxford, 50.
Crochet table cover, Mrs Chas Frodigh, 50.
Knit spread, Mrs A L Van Arnam, 50
Carriage robe, (by girl 13 yrs old), Miss G H Atwood, 50.
Carriage robe, Mrs S G Bullock, 50.
Hooked rug, Mrs J P Emerson, Parsonsville, 50.
Mats, Mrs E Marquand, 50.
Rag rug, B Manor, 50.
Panel, Josephine W Gird, 50.
Plush banner, Mrs G W Rogers, 50.
Sofa pillow, J B Lawrence, 1 00.
Hair wreath, Everett P Stevens, 50.
Apron, Mrs T B Boland, 50.
Crochet edging, May A Taylor (7 yrs old) Fiskeville, R I, 50.
Dollies in Kensington, Mrs C F Atherton, Dorchester, diploma.
Case machine embroidery, A H Bullard, diploma.
Case hair work, Miss Mayberger, diploma.
Chart for cutting dresses, Miss Hattie Hall, Mrs A S Newcomb, Miss M G Gardner, Fiskeville, R I, diploma.
Gross, Strauss & Co, case lace and embroideries, diploma.
Weinberg Bros, case fancy goods, diploma.
N Deschamps, " feathers, "
L L Pierce, " corsets, "
Miss A White, " "
Lewis W Hine, " elastic hose, "

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES IN AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

Wells Chemical Bronze works, silver medal, for specimens of chemical bronze.
Fred L Taylor, agt, Cuarlton City, diploma for Bradmah's tree guards.
E K Spaulding, diploma for revolving fly trap.
S K Buell, diploma for mowing machine knife grinder.
L B Darling & Co., Pawtucket, R I, bronze medal for fertilizers.
The Peerless Mfg Co, Waterloo, N Y, bronze medal for yeast.
C H Hemenway, Jr, Providence, R I, diploma for cards and stationery.
A J Worcester, bronze medal for upright drill.
National Hop yeast Co, Senaca Falls, N Y, diploma for dry hop yeast.
A B Chandler, agt, bronze medal, for Osgood stock and standard scales.
Boston Marble & Granite Co, bronze medal for tubular reservoir boiler.
Scoville Mfg. Co, Waterbury, Conn, silver medal for post office box.
W F Preston, Meriden, Conn, diploma for puzzle key ring.
Chadbourne & Caldwell, Mfg Co, New York, bronze medal, for bread and meat cutter.
John Farnell, New York, bronze medal for electric eradicator.
J Todd & Co, diploma for coffee.

MISCELLANEOUS AND HOUSEHOLD GOODS AT THE RINK.

Worcester Corset Co, case of corsets, gold medal.
Morgan Spring Co, case of springs, silver medal.
Mrs E O Jillson, case of corsets, silver medal.
A G Coes & Co, wrenches, silver medal.
G Henry Whitcomb & Co, display of envelopes, silver medal.
Duncan Go dell & Co, cutlery and builders' hardware, silver medal.
Samuel Winslow, Ice and roller skates, silver medal.
Hill & Tollman, Bicycles, silver medal.
Sanford Mills, Sanford Me, carriage robes, silver medal.
J S Weisly & Son, book binders, case of books, silver medal.
H R Searles, combination folding chairs, bronze medal.
Bronze Metal Wreath Co, bronze medal.
Wells Chemical Bronze Works, case chemical bronzes, silver medal.
Diplomas awarded the following exhibitors:
Mss E W Philbrook, equipoise waists
Walter Holden, furniture dog stands.
Geo C Whitney, case ornamental cards.
Wm Pabbis, luminous door plate and sign.
Surprise Yeast Co, Boston, yeast.
Edward Clark & Co, Providence, R I, copper locomotive weather vane.
Fred E Pollard, pen and ink drawings for electrotype work.
C W Wilson, samples piano stencils.
A H Newton & Co, hop stoves.
Cowes & Gates, adjustable tables.
Willie H Wilson, fancy wire desk.
Manuel Santaiver, horse hair rope.
F P Marsh, Providence, R I, perfumery.
Frank A Humphrey, exhibit of patterns, models etc.
Coates Clipper Mfg Co, case clippers.
I H Stockwell, case optical goods.
Hubbard & Gruby, Fiskerville, N H, ironing tables.
W E Ransom, pillow sham holder and folder.
T C Orndorff, woven cartridge belts.
F F Lane, Leominster, horned chair and mounted horns.
L H Scott, elastic stockings.
J F & C G Warren, oak leather belting.
G H Clark & Co, artists' materials, paints and brushes.
A D Warren Thread Co, spool and darning cotton.
G H French & Co, Lynn, pillow sham holder.
Frank H Merrifield, inlaid checkerboard.
J O Bemis & Co, case boots and shoes, and lasts' backing.
J D Sargent, improved wooden piping.
H C Wright, Wright's graduated caliper.
E K Holley, spring mattresses and cushions.
Lewis Rivers, model for self-locking window screen.
F W Slayton, agt, Boston, McIndoes revolving calendar.
Arthur Drake, inlaid table.
Chas M Schiff, square and upright pianos.

PLOUGHING MATCH.

FIRST CLASS.

Best ploughing with double teams, oxen or horses, with swivel ploughs, furrows flat, and not less than eight inches deep.
First premium, 12 00, E R Carpenter, Charlton City.
Second prem, 9 00, H M Bigham, Sutton.
Third prem, 6 00, H my Brooks, Acton.
Fourth prem, 3 00, H M Taft, Uxbridge.

SECOND CLASS.

Best ploughing with single teams, oxen or horses, with swivel ploughs, furrows flat, and not less than six inches deep.
First premium, 12 00, H M Taft, Uxbridge.
Second prem, 9 00, A H Kimball, Littleton.
Third prem, 6 00, Lund No. 41 (name unknown).
Fourth prem, 3 00, F L Mason, Shrewsbury.

THIRD CLASS.

Best ploughing by boys not over 18 years of age, with single teams, oxen or horses, and swivel plough.
First premium, 8 00, Arthur Carpenter.
Second prem, 4 00, O H Wheelock, Acton.
The committee recommend a gratuity of two dollars each to Charles Brooks, Acton, and Edward Cushing.

FOURTH CLASS.

Best ploughing with double teams, with landside ploughs, furrows flat, and not less than eight inches deep.
First premium, 12 00, Columbia Plow Works, Copake, N Y.
Second prem 9 00, S F Marsh, Sutton.
Third prem, 6 00, Mason & Temple, Shrewsbury.
Fourth prem, 3 00, H W Putnam, Sutton.

FIFTH CLASS.

Best ploughing with single teams, oxen or horses, with landside ploughs, furrows flat, and not over 18 years of age, with single teams, oxen or horses, with landside ploughs.
First premium, 8 00, Charles Brooks, Acton.
Second prem, 4 00, O H Wheelock, Acton.

SIXTH CLASS.

Best ploughing in managing teams by boys not over 18 years of age, with single teams, oxen or horses, with landside ploughs.
First premium, 8 00, Charles Brooks, Acton.
Second prem, 4 00, O H Wheelock, Acton.

SEVENTH CLASS.

SULKY PLOUGHS.

First premium, 10 00, Fred Atwood, Winterport, Me.
Second prem, 5 00, Fred Atwood, Winterport, Me.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS FOR DRAGGING.

OVER 3000 POUNDS.

First premium, 8 00, Dirie Hill, Mendon.
Second prem, 5 00, H M Taft, Uxbridge.
Third prem, 3 00, H M Taft, Uxbridge.

LESS THAN 3000 POUNDS.

First premium, 7 00, N ii Reed, Princeton.
Second prem, 5 00, W Holbrook, Jr, Blackstone.
Third prem, 3 00, H M Taft, Uxbridge.

(*Official*) *E. E.*

DANIEL NEEDHAM,
Secretary New England Agricultural Society.

GEORGE H. ESTABROOK,
Secretary Worcester Agricultural Society.

NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

WEDNESDAY—SECOND DAY.

[Report continued from last week's Ploughman.]

Phonographically Reported expressly for the Ploughman, by J. M. W. Yerriston, Esq.

The committees, as finally consituted at the meeting this morning, were as follows:

Shorthorn Stock—J A Harwood of Littleton, Mass, Chairman; James F Losch of Bridge water; R H Allen of New York; Wm H Putnam of Brooklyn, Conn.
Devon Stock—John Dimon of Brighton, Mass, Chairman; Thos B Buffum of Newport, R I; C H May of Woodstock, Conn.
Ayrshire Stock—S E Tyler of Waltham, Mass, Chairman; Charles H Hayes of Portsmouth, N H; Calvin T Woodbury of Spencer.
Belted Dutch—Wm G Lewis of Framingham, Mass, Chairman; S D Conant of Grafton, Vt; A Tolman of Worcester.
Jersey—C Shaw of Milford, N H, Chairman; F M Boutwell of Groton, Mass; E R Spaulding of Jaffrey, N H.
Guernsey—Albert Day of Putnam Conn, Chairman; Joseph Morse of Woodstock, Conn; Wm H Andrews of ——.
Swiss—John Johnson of Framingham, Mass, Chairman; B S Warner of Pomfret, Conn; J B Dinsmore of Walpole, N H.
Holstein—D S Upham of Thompson, Conn, Chairman; S Harry Knox of Worcester; J S Tiun of Washington, Conn
Grade or Cross Breeds—Greenleaf Clark of Atkinson, N H, Chairman; S D Conant of Grafton, Vt; William J Bartholomew of Pomfret, Conn.
Working Oxen, Four Years Old and Over—John Hall of North Berwick, Me, Chairman; George A Wesson of New Boston, N H; Jerome Holden of Westminster, Vt; Caleb Childs of Marblehead, Mass; Joseph Brown of Providence R I; J P Merrill, Princeton.
Steers and Trained Steers, under four years of age—Henry Penniman of Woodstock, Conn, Chairman; J H Clark of Westminster, Vt; J T Small of Lewiston, Me.
Thoroughbred Horses—John E Russell of Leicester, Mass, Chairman; D A Comey of Augusta, Me; Samuel Evarts of Cornwall, Vt; J W Abbott of Westford, Mass; Obadiah Brown of Providence, R I; James Allen of Putnam, Conn.
Brass, Tin, Copper, Iron Work and Stoves—Fred Atwood of Winterport, Me, chairman; I P Sweetser of Portsmouth, N H; W W Winchester of New Haven, Conn.
Manufactured Goods—Thomas G Jameson of Great Falls, N H, chairman; Henry Lippit of Providence, R I; Henry H Gallup of Norwich, Conn.
Home-made Bread, Etc—Wm F Boyd of Mansfield, Mass, chairman; T W Voss of Bangor, Me; Mrs George Campbell of Westminster, Vt; Mrs J C Estabrook of Worcester, Mass; Mrs W E Barrett of Providence, R I; Mrs C W Goodhue of Pomfret, Conn.
Pictorial and Industrial Arts—Henry Stockwell of Sutton, Mass, chairman; Calvin Hutchorn of Worcester, Mass; O K Hardy of Worcester, Mass; T H Blood of Worcester, Mass; Mrs Daniel Merriman of Worcester, Mass; Miss Jennie L Southwick of Worcester, Mass; Miss Rebecca Jones of Worcester, Mass.
Needlework, Embroidery, Etc—Whitney L Warner of Sunderland, Mass, chairman; Mrs H M Putney of Manchester, N H; Mrs S F Preston of Concord, N H; Mrs F Rage of Worcester, Mass; Mrs Chas B Pratt of Worcester, Mass.
Miscellaneous Articles—Samuel B Noyes of Canton, Mass, chairman; D L Pratt of Topsham, Me; Aaron Young of Portsmouth, N H; A W Quint of Manchester, N H; Lawrence Brainard of St Albans, Vt; Thos J Marsh of Tewksbury, Mass; F Salmon of Lowell, Mass; Clifton A Hall of Providence, R I; T S Gold of Cornwall, Conn.
Ploughing Match—John Hall of North Berwick, Me, chairman; Warren Brown of Hampton Falls, N H; Elijah Wood of Concord, N H; Samuel Evarts of Cornwall, Vt; Obadiah Brown of Providence, R I; G A Penniman of North Woodstock, Conn.

During the forenoon, the objects of interest have been many and varied, and as well as we can, we will try to be eyes for those of the *Ploughman* readers who are unable to be present.

Working Cattle and Steers.

White one large division of the crowd was interested in the examination and trials of the various classes of horses, a larger crowd gathered in the souther y portion of the ground, inside the tracks, to watch the trials of working oxen and steers. Worcester County has always been proud of its working cattle, and the rivalry in the several classes is quite as earnest as that among horses, while the opportunity for lookying, perhaps not so great, is large enough to animate the exhibitors and entertain the spectators. Oxen were tested on a cart loaded with stone, at fixed weights for the diff rent ages, and drawing and backing were shown amid much criticism from the outsiders of the various favorable and unfavorable points. While this was going on yearlings and one or two 2-year old steers were shown in another ring, but were not called upon to show their strength. These classes included Shorthorns, Devons, Ayrshires and Jerseys, decked them out with ribbons on horns and tails, and their coats were as sleek as brushes,—and quite could make them. This line of entertainment extended well past the noon hour.

The Cattle.

The collection of cattle is a representative one, —not so large, perhaps, as has been seen here before, but there enough to present creditable types of the various breeds, while some of the breeds could not well be better represented from New England farms. The owners are, as a class, earnest, intelligent men, full of enthusiasm, eager to secure recognition from committees and the public, of the merits of the special breeds to which they have devoted their attention Each breed of course has its peculiar merits, one for milk, another for butter, and a third for beef, while others present all these points in fair amount, and by a happy combination make up the stock for the common farmer, who wants all the possible products of the bovine race combined in one animal, for the support of his own family, and to meet the demands of the limited market to which he has access.

Jerseys.

Jersey stock has for some time held the front rank with the fanciers of this country, and their proximity to the fair would justify the expectation that they would lead in numbers at this exhibition, but they stand only second, the whole catalogue representing 104 animals. The collection is an interesting one, whether it is viewed on its merits as of a stock ranking among the first in careful breeding and high value, or for its beauty of form and grace of outline. Some of the animals are fit for artistic study.

Starting from the offices of the society, at the main en rance and passing northward, the Jerseys occupy almost the entire westerly side of the grounds. One of the leading herds is that of Mr. Wm. T. Merrifield, a collection of Pearls, in a double sense, for the progeny of his old cow Pearl is of the highest local reputation His herd is headed by the bull Grey Tyrant, an imported animal, numbered 99 in the herd book of the Island of Jersey and 6969 in the Am. J. C. C. H. R. His ancestors run back to the foundation herds on the island, and he is an acquisition to the local breeding stock. Mr. Merrifield has ten head or cattle on the ground, including several fine bulls, one of which, Pearl 9th with her first calf, before she was two years old, made a record of 28 lbs. of milk per day, and Pearl 12th at 2½ years old had an equally good record. Most of the herd are young animals and all are handsome.

Winslow S. Lincoln, also of this city, has a herd of 12 Jerseys, headed by the bull O'Malley, whose full sister, owned by Joseph H. Walker, made 14½ lbs. of butter in a week as a 2-year old. His cow Cinderella, with her first calf gave 16 qts per day and made 12¼ lbs. butter in one week. Moss rose, the dam of O'Malley made 15 lbs. ot butter in a week, on August feed, as a 3 year old. Mr. Lincoln is prepared for the future in the possession of 17 months bull got from Mr. Walker's Eupidee.

Mr. O. B. Hadwen of this city, exhibits a large herd—22 head, which illustrates in its uniformity of color, style and quality, what may be attained by carefu and intelligent breeding through a series of years The cows especially exhibit a remarkable uniformity. His herd is headed by the 3½ year old bull Grav King, from the famous stock of Mr. Sargent of Brookline Mr. Hadwen has never attempted to make great records of milk, but the average production even without special feed, is included in his herd; the same cow with her first calf gave 16 qts per day. Among the cows worthy the especial attention of visitors are Margery and Mabel, mother and daughter, and Gracilis. His "next edition" is provided for by the bull Prior, aged 11 months, a son of the famous Eurydice.

Messrs B F and H A Harrington of this city have a small herd of Jerseys, led by the 2 year old bull Mantle. Their 4 year old cow Forget-me-not was imported by Mr Carter Brown of Providence, and made 15 lbs of butter in a week last June; a pretty heifer, Forsakenmoet, out of Forgetmenot, and her calf, make up their display of Jerseys. In another part of the ground they have a noticeable herd of Ayrshires.

Mr H A Bemis of Spencer has a herd of 23 head, led by the handsome squirrel-gray bull, Fancier, 5 yrs old. His cow Pet, a 6 year old, gave 24½ quarts a day last June, and Brittannia, a 4 years old, made 11 lbs butter in a week the same month on grass alone. He also exhibits a 3 year old bull, Cinsius B., out of Mr Walker's famous cow Gilda.

Mr Cunningham of Hopkinton has three head, including the heifer, Spicy rose, bred by Mr Osgood of Whittinsville. Mr C E Homes, also of Hopkinton, has a good herd of 12, led by 2 year old, Prince of Cottage Farm, who took first premium here as a yearling last year. A E Wheelwright of Peterborough shows two cows and a bull of imported animal, 18 months old, is remarkable for his particularly bright butter color His sire won over all others on the island in '79 and '80, and his grand sire, on the dam's side took first in his class in '70. His other bull Peterborough, is a short year old, and carries pure Alphea blood from his sire, and is only one remove from imported stock on both sides of his dam.

Mr. Luther Crawford of New Braintree has eight head of Jerseys, besides other stock in another part of the grounds. Mr John A Bancroft shows a herd of 20 head, with two good bulls,—Art Tell, 2 years old, and David G Tell, 4 years old. He also has a herd of 7 grades. All these show excellent milking qualities. Mr Luther Crawford of New Braintree shows a herd of 5 grades of this breed.

Devons.

Many New England farmers have chosen the Devon as the breed *par excellence*. For working cattle they certainly have no superiors, and the claims of their claims as good milkers and dairy are so high that it would be dangerous to challenge a test. The animals on the ground are all beautiful, their uniform color, fine heads and horns and skin of satin, all marking them as of pure stock. Some of their owners boast of their butter as superior both in quality and amount to that of Jerseys.

Mr N B Reed of Princeton, has a herd of 10, led by the yearling bull, Omega. Mr Harvey Dodge of Sutton, has 14 head on the ground and his 4 year old bull, Kentucky, is a typical animal. His cows are known to every visitor at previous fairs, and his young stock is very promising. Mr Thomas M. Dupee of Sutton has 10 head led by the 7 year old bull, Francis, and a young animal,—Cadmus. His cows are all handsome and show good milking points. One of his calves from the stock of Wm Eames of this city, is pronounced perfect by Devon fanci rs.

Mr Wm Eames of this city has some animals on the ground,—the 2 year old bull Belvidere, and his cow Lucy and five of her progeny. They are all good animals, and their points are prominent. He claims that the breed surpasses all others for butter, and the fact that he has frequently taken first premiums over all competitors in various fairs supports his opinion. Mr. J B Sanborn of East Concord, N H, has 13 cows and heifers, and a 3 year old bull, all excellent, and a pair of Devon oxen that are of unusual merit. They are large, shapely, and of fine color, and while he considers them only in fair working order, Worcester people might easily be deceived into the idea that they are fit for beef. F H Andrews of East Woodstock, Conn. has a herd of 10 head, and Mr J S Titus, of Washington, Conn, has 11 head, led by his 2 year old bull Washing on Depot. His stock is of larger frame than most of the D vons, and some of his animals show superior dairy points. He says that his bull is half Ayrshire and half Jersey stock, and it is nearly double in quantity.

Ayrshires.

Mr. G P Young of Grafton shows a dozen cows and heifers, with the 3 year old bull Earl Douglas of Elmwood. W A Childs of North Brainree shows the bull Phil Sheridan, and half a dozen young animals. B J Stone of Westboro is one of the largest exhibitors, and his herd of 19 head attracts much attention. His 3 year old bull Beauty Douglass and five calves of his get is an adjoining pen, make a pretty family. He has besides the 2 year bull Nathan Douglass, and numerous representatives of the McGregor family of cows, prominent among them is Winnie, who has a record of 14 lbs. of butter. Messrs. B F & H A Harrington of Worcester have 9 head of Ayrshires, led by the bull Millville 2d. Mr. L W Wesson, of Holman of Millbury, has a good looking 2 year old bull,—Carl.

Shorthorns.

Mr. James Hunter of Spencer has two fine looking bulls and several grade cows; and Mr. Walter G Cook, also of Spencer, has a good-looking cow with a calf by her side,—the bull Duke Lee, with a pedigree of a dozen generations. Mr E M Holman of Millbury shows a herd of seven head, several of his cows being of his Tuberose family, which has an enviable local reputation. Mr Lyman Draper, of Brookline, has a fine bull, Baron Air Bell Summer of Woodstock, Conn, has a herd of 12 head, led by the 4 year old bull Earl Bostave. Mr. Pliny Wheeler of Worcester has two cows and one calf. Mrs Elisa Sut on of Centre Harbor, N H, has perhaps the most noticeable herd of shorthorns, it includes 8 head, led by the 2 year old bull, Chocorua, who weighs 1350 lbs. Other good weigh s are the cow Snowflake, 1,600 lbs; a bull calf dropped the 3d of last January, 770 lbs, a heifer, 20 months old, 920 lbs; a 2 year old, 1,300; a 3 year old, 1,430 lbs, and a yearling, 820. Lyman Draper of Brookfield shows three Shorthorns, including the bull, Star of Podunk, and the cow, Dewdrop 8th.

Grades.

Mr W A Childs, of New Braintree, has five grade Shorthorns, including a handsome cow,—Belle of Brookside. She is 6 years old, and weighs 1,410 lbs, and this season she has given 30 lbs of milk per day. Mr. Gilman Young shows 7 grade cows that look as though he would soon adopt Ayrshires. J W Ellsworth has a grade Holstein and a grade Durham. L R Hudson shows two good looking grade cows. James Sweeney of Millbury has two grade Jerseys, and A B Lovell of this city has half a dozen Jerseys that are so high a grade as to have most of the external marks of the pure blood.

The Sheep Pens.

The exhibit of sheep does not comprise as many animals nor as good a show as in years past, a matter to be regretted, as the raising of sheep in New England is something that should be promoted. The total number of entries of all kinds of sheep is 69, divided as follows: Cotswold 23, Southdown 19, other downs 14, H. H. 13. His ancestors run back to the foundation herds on the island, and he is an acquisition to the local breeding stock. Mr. Merrifield has ten head or cattle on the ground, including several fine bulls, one of which, Pearl 9th with her first calf, before she was two years old, made a record of 28 lbs. of milk per day, and Pearl 12th at 2½ years old had an equally good record. Most of the herd are young animals and all are handsome.

The Poultry.

The display of poultry made this year far exceeds in numbers and in excellence the display of any previous year of the Fair. The entries are 264; last year they were less than half this number—125. Mr Nowell Wood, who has charge of the exhibition, as he has had for several years past, has shown both energy and skill in arranging so large a lot of rare and finely-bred fowls so attractively for public inspection.

H A. Jones of Worcester is the largest individual exhibitor. A. W. Andrews of Woodstock, Conn., makes the next largest exhibit, and Mr. Wood himself third on the list.

The exhibition of Asiatic fowls is large and choice. In Brahmas, F. H. Andrews, E. E. Albee, A W Andrews and C J. Ballou show several fine trios, both dark and light. Mr. Manley Smith, H W Smith, J H Child, Arthur Andrews, Arthur Burtelle, C A Ballou, F H Howland, Clara Lawrence, F E Kinney, Lorenzo F Kinney, A. A. Prince, and F L Wheeler, Agent, make up the list.

The poultry department taken all together is a most creditable part of the Fair, and to Mr Wood are due the thanks of the exhibitors for the ample facilities afforded them.

The Swine Pens.

This year the swine department is still an attraction, but on a smaller scale, there being only 67 entries, with a total of 75 animals, large and small. They are located in the same place as of the grounds as usual, and the first seen are the Poland Chinas, owned by O A Kelly of this city, who has a herd of 11 head. Mr. Kelly is a dr ove of Berkshires. An Essex boar, and a sow are next in order, and are owned by L R Hudson of this city. J G Goodnow of Miller's Falls has a trio of Berkshires, and Mr. Wm. Barnett has a Poland China sow with a litter of sucking pigs. The most notable exhibit is that of the Greenwood farm stock of famous boars, among them are King Macie, Greenwood Pride, and Handsome. Each one is famous for breeding, and comes from the best stock. G W Goddard has two Yorkshire boars. B Reed of Princeton has a handsome Berkshire boar, and Mr Benj Sumner of Woodstock, Conn, has a herd of 12 head, led by the 4 year old bull Earl Bostave. Mr. Pliny Wheeler of Worcester has two cows and one calf. Mrs Elisa Sut on of Centre Harbor, N H, has perhaps the most noticeable herd of shorthorns, it includes 8 head, led by the 2 year old bull, Chocorua, who weighs 1350 lbs. Other good weigh s are the cow Snowflake, 1,600 lbs; a bull calf dropped the 3d of last January, 770 lbs, a heifer, 20 months old, 920 lbs; a 2 year old, 1,300; a 3 year old, 1,430 lbs, and a yearling,

In the 2:30 class there were 10 entries and 7 starters, A A Whitney's "Wid Dandy," G. S. Lock's "Maud D," and James Carpenter's "Gen. Custer" being drawn.

THE SUMMARY.

Purse of $300 for the 2:30 class; $150, $75, $45, $30.

Chas Bassett, Taunton, b. s. Archie	1	1	1
J. H. Fifield, Alton, N. H., s. g. Screwdriver	2	3	2
Dan Bigley, Cambridgeport, b. g. Dick Dampie	6	4	2
F. Gorman, Cochituate, b. m. Maggie Mitchell	3	5	4
G. H. Ellinwood, Manchester, blk. m. Nell	4	3	6
A. D. Houghton, Worcester, blk. s. Emperor	7	6	5
E. A. Newbury, Newton, b. g. Red Bird	5	7	7

Time—2 22, 2:36, 2:38.

During the afternoon Miss Le Franc rode five miles in 14 21, and the Fire Patrol made a circuit of the track in 1 45.

The Horse Exhibit.

There is a very good exhibit of stallions and thoroughbred mares and colts. Most conspicuous among these are the five entered and owned by Elisur Smith of Lee. First is "Alcantara," a bay stallion 15½ hands high, foaled March 27, '76. He has a record of 2 23, made when only four years old. He comes "Alcantara," dark bay filly, sired by Alcantara, in March, '81. She has a fine gait, rapid action, and is a trotter of promise. Calvin, a bay colt, is also exhibited, and has a good gait, with a promise of "time" at a future day. Flaxy comes next, and is a fine chestnut mare with good blood in her. Montezuma, the last one in this lot, is a two-year-old colt, sired by Alcantara, out of Winona. Augustus Tufts of Malden has his Messenger stallion Roland here. He is 16 hands high, weighs 1,130 pounds, and was sired by Crown Chief out of blood that tells. He has a record of '28, and has done a mile in '25. Roland is also a winner of a "G" Medal, the silver service at Beacon Park, in 1879. L. M. Payne of Hinsdale has two good blooded horses here, "Jerry" and "Willie Toll." The latter is a Messenger stallion Prince Hamlet, owned by Geo. A. Hicks of Providence, is also here. He was sired by Edwin Thorne out of Dolly Hamlet, and is well bred. As a yearling last year this stallion took first prize at the New England Fair and also at the Attleboro' Fair. Joshua Wilkins of East Braintree has the black stallion Arthur, foaled in 1878, who has a three year old record of 2:30½.

NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY.

[*Continued from last week.*]

At the conclusion of the speaking, the exhibition of horses on the track, for the judgment of the committee, which has been interrupted by the arrival of the procession, was resumed.

The only thoroughbred stallion exhibited was Young Prince, eight years old, owned by C W Bond of Rockville, Brookfield. The committee considered his pedigree defective, and no premium was awarded.

Brood mares and colts were shown by Geo W Dunn, Weston, with filly and colt, sired by Red Cloud; C H Ellsworth, Worcester, with colt by Richwood; Julia Fox, Worcester, with colt by Cloud; C H Mayo, Worcester, with colt sired by the last named stallion; Luther Crawford, New Braintree, with colt by Morrill Boy; Walter Freeland, Sutton, with colt by Ballrownie 2d.

Among the stallions for general use were several handsome and finely developed colts, largely of his own fowls. The other exhibitors of Plymouth Rocks are Frank A Pollard, Fred Peckham, C W Weixler, John B Backer, F H An rews, F Andrews, E B Albee, J A Allen and John Coonan. F H Andrews shows two fine trios of American Dominiques, and F J Kinney two trios of grades. J G Arnold's two trios of American Sebrights are of a very fine quality and breeding, as is the trio of white-face Black Spanish fowls exhibited by J W Andrews. White and Brown Leghorns are shown by E F Foemire, H de. E Albee, Marcus A Ward, L R Ames, Warren C Jewett, Charles H Bemis and F H Kinney.

The class denominated "French" includes exhibits by only one person—F H Stratton—but it is a fine set of birds, and to the unprofessional sight-seer, their showy plumes and fine bodies make them the most attractive sights in the poultry shed. They are Houdans, and there are three trios of them. The English class is also a small one, but those in it are always very striking in their plumage. F H Andrews shows some Silver-gray and some Rose comb Dorkings, and some Black Hamburgs. H A Jones exhibits a fine trio of Gold and Silver Dorkings and three trios of black, gold and silver Hamburgs. Frank Hscock and C W Weixler show some fine Langshans. The turkeys and geese are fine looking, clean and fat, and are of choice breeds. E E Albee has a pair of Toulouse geese; F H Andrews shows some Emdoen and White China geese, while some white and pearl Guineas are shown by H A Jones and F H Andrews. The exhibit of Bantams is one of the finest ever made at an agricultural show. It is especially in brown reds, black reds and gold pyles. The gold and silver Duckwing game Bantams shown by Charles B Day were bought from one of the game breeders in the Southern States, and the brown-reds were bought from T Fw ils, and her great breeder. E P Lawrence, of Hackett, Woodward & Jones, H A Jones, Edith K Smith, C A Ballou, Wm Barnett, Owen M McGee, Patrick McGuinness, A J and H B Waite, James H Roberts, Charles B Day, F Dodge of Sutton, Mass, & Temple of Sturbridge exhibits, including gold, silver and black duckwings, rose-combs, black-reds, brown-red, trios ales and red pyles. Mr Jones's exhibit is a trio of white-faced Black Spanish of fabulous fine ness. Edith K Smith shows a fine trio of silver laced Sebrights. Mr Fitton shows his noted Seo cock with the name of Grayer. The pigeons are of a great variety of kinds—crested fans, booted fans, smooth-head fans, English pouters, magpies, turbits, Russian tumblers, red tumblers, Jacobin barbs, blue and white owls, black, blue and silver English owls, red winged turbits, jacobins, carriers and bearded pigeons. F H Howland, Clara Lawrence, H W Smith, J H Child, Arthur Andrews, Arthur Burtelle, C A Ballou, F H Howland, Clara Lawrence, F E Kinney, Lorenzo F Kinney, A. A. Prince, and F L Wheeler, Agent, make up the list.

The poultry department taken all together is a most creditable part of the Fair, and to Mr Wood are due the thanks of the exhibitors for the ample facilities afforded them.

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E BURTON STOCK CAR.

which has been placed on exhibition of the New England Manufacturer's nies' Institute, is attracting a good ention. This one is arranged in two nts each, compartment holding six at care of an additional length of one rding accommodations for eighteen ade. Crowding and trampling to ntirely prevented, and each one of as space to lie down, so that consid- dom of movement is allowed although confined within strong bars which y one striking another with its brass. all times accessible to them, and t equally at regular intervals, sepa- being used for food and water, the g carried in bins upon the roof. *y and Economy*, both farmers reas- adoption of the Burton stock car. of the old manner of transporting ding into each car as many as can nto forcing their way inside, carry- this way for days without food or with the almost certainty of being death in case one should fall down, m out for food, when they are fed at in thru-ting pronge into them to In once more, it is no wonder that a feverish half-starved condition, almost unfit for human food. But eight in transportation by the old mous, each steer losing on an aver- between Chicago and Boston. At irds of this can be saved by the the Burton stock car, and a consid- ffected in the value of the hides by m injury during transportation. *eeds call loudly for a change*, and re interested in securing comforta- k transportation of live stock, to se- me meat for our tables, and those drovers who would consult the in- ir pockets should do everything in o encourage a company so evidently note the general good. The Bos- he company is at 79 Milk street, ere full particulars can be obtained statistics consulted.

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LLEN'S BRAIN FOOD.
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ht that the issue of the three per Treasury will be at least $300,000,-

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ervigo ten perfect tonic. Wheat purest and richest blood, brain in existence. Dr. Brown.

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lity thousand persons visited the on Sunday last, by actual count.

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gue Cure, when used according warranted to eradicate from the s of malarial diseases, such as Chill Fever, Intermittent, Re- ous Fevers, and disorders of the The expectorant is a safe one, nothing if a cure is not effected.

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ment will at once proceed to y steps to discover the guilty harges of bribery in the star-

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gestion and enjoyment of food; gs strength to the weak and ous; a tasteful diarrhœa cure ipate—just what every family Ginger Tonic.

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RRIAGES.

Falls, Sept. 6th, by Rev. F. T. Andrew to Alice G. Johnson

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in the Congregational Church, bridal assisted by the Rev. Dr. Jr., and President George F. Rev. D. O. Mears of Worcester, on, daughter of the Hon. J. B.

9th, by Rev. E. W. Virgin, Mr. Concord, N. H., to Miss Emma Dayton, Ohio.

9th, by Rev. Samuel J. Bar- ne Bates to Miss Lizzie C. ge.

9th, by Rev. A. J. Spaulding, of Denver, Col., to Miss e Bishop.

9th, by Rev. Daniel March, D. d to Ida A. Garland, both of

9th, by Rev. Bradford M. Full- of Rev. Samuel Bowditch to Lizzie S.

---

pt. 2d, by Rev. Daniel Rich- f Newton to Laura W. Ordway, both

---

4th, by Rev. A. E. Winship, of Somerville to Eudora Rose

---

th, by Rev. Thomas G. Biscoe, to Miss Helen A. Graylord, all

, Sept. 7th, by Rev. C. L. Sewall to Lily Minia Walker, es.

EATHS.

th, Charles Kendall Darling,

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th, Maria W., widow of the late Esq., and daughter of the late ge months.

Miss Sarah Palmer, 74 years.

---

th, Edward B. Hounsfield, 62

---

th, Samuel A. Frazar, 82 years

---

th, Frank L. Anderson, 23

---

t. 7th, Stephen Bailey, 53 yrs.

---

t. 8th, Mary E., wife of Au-

James Reynolds, 100 years.

---

th, John Tripp, 84 years 9

---

th, Elizabeth B., widow of the years.

---

th, Sarah Worrick, wife of mueller,

John R. Smith, 65 years 5

---

t. 9th, Eliza M., widow of the

Rev. Chandler Robbins, D.

---

pt. 10th, Christiana Whit-

---

muel B. Osborn, 81 years 10

---

th, Danforth R., son of Ed- n, 22 years.

---

st, Darius Rice, 82 yrs. 1 mo.

TUARY.

ce, which occurred Thurs- one of Worcester's most re- formers. He was at the ative of Worcester, his an- tions resided here, he being generation from Northam ast settler in Worcester, as nily estate was on that part n a suburb, which the 1778 where the late deceased's were born, and two previous had lived, a por ion of the and occupied by one of the Rice, a cousin of the late er, after his marriage, re- he had several children, ers, he late deceased, was born he after the death of his quently removed to Massa- wife of Joseph Bancroft of it in 1832. That year Mr. in Burbank's paper mill in where he staid nine years, in the method of making chinery. In 1831 he bought r afterwards resided, pre- farm, which he cultivated ded to consider Mr. Rice the town forty years ago ens. He was one of the ing milk and vegetables He was a most universal ellent qualities of head and neighbor, a patriotic dealings. Among the was a selectman of the a member of the common years of the city govern- was always on hand, and the old time cattle shows he was married in 1839, leaves one son, George e leaves one son, George e, farm, and a daugh-

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[Wor. Spy.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as persons in health.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

The best and most economical hair dressing, and made from pure materials that are beneficial to the hair and scalp. Parker's Hair Balsam is highly esteemed everywhere for its excellence and superior cleanliness.

It Never Fails to Restore the Youthful Color of hair to gray or faded hair, is elegantly perfumed and is a luxurious dressing, stops the falling of the hair, 50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a sufferer from dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, or any other form of stomach, liver or kidney complaint, or a mother run down by family or household duties, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

is the remedy you need. If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take exciting stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic. If you have Nervousness, Rheumatism, Kidney or Urinary Complaints, or if you are troubled with any disorder of the lungs, stomach, blood, liver, kidneys or nerves, you will find in Parker's Ginger Tonic a prompt, safe and certain cure. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier known.

It is the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used. If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or ill health, or are broken down from overwork or mental anxiety, Parker's Ginger Tonic at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. Thousands have found it so, and many have written us that it has saved their lives. It may save yours. Sold by druggists. Hiscox & Co., 40 Barclay St., N. York, and 163 Fulton St., Brooklyn. Sold by druggists in small sizes. Regular size, $1. Trial size, 10c. Ask your druggist for PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. Take no substitute. Be sure you get the genuine. Don't be deceived by druggists who say they have something "just as good" or "something better" than Parker's Ginger Tonic. They say so because they make more profit on worthless stuff. Don't be imposed upon. Insist upon having

The Poet's Corner.

THE KING OF THE PLOUGH.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

The sword is re-sheathed in its scabbard,
The rifle hangs safe on the wall;
No longer we quell at the hungry
Hotgrush of the ravenous ball.
The war cloud has hurled its last lightning,
Its awful thunders are still,
While the demon of conflict in Hades
Lies fettered in force as in will.
Above the broad fields that he ravaged,
What monarch rules blissfully now?
Oh! crown him with bays that are bloodless—
The king, the brave king of the plough.

A king! Ah! what ruler more potent
Has ever swayed earth by his nod?
A monarch! Ay! more than a monarch—
A homely, but bountiful god!
He stands, where in earth's sure protection,
The grain seeds are scattered and sown,
To uprise in serene resurrection
When spring her soft trumpet hath blown!
A monarch! Yes, more than a monarch,
Though tell-drops are thick on his brow;
Oh! crown him with corn-leaf and wheat-leaf—
The king, the strong king of the plough!

Through the shadow and shine of past ages
(While tyrants were blinded with blood),
He reared the pure ensign of Ceres
By meadow and mountain and flood;
And the long, leafy gold of his harvests
The earth-sprites and air-sprites had spun
Grew rhymic when swept by the breezes,
Grew royal when kissed by the sun;
Before the stern charm of his patience
What rock-rooted forces must bow!
Come, crown him with corn-leaf and wheat-leaf—
The king, the bold king of the plough!

Through valleys of balm-dropping myrtle,
By banks of Arcadian streams,
Where the wind-songs are set to the mystic
Mild murmur of passionless dreams;
On the storm-haunted uplands of Thule,
By ice girdled fiords and floes,
Alike speeds the spell of his godhood,
The blessing of his heritage glows.
A monarch! Yes, more than a monarch—
All climes to his prowess must bow;
Come, crown him with bays that are stainless—
The king, the brave king of the plough!

Far, far in earth's uttermost future,
As boundless of splendor as scope,
I see the fair angel—fruition—
The lilies of sweetness and calm,
For the sword has been changed to the plough-share,
The lion lies down with the lamb!
Oh angel majestic! We know thee,
Though raised and transfigured art thou—
This lord of life's grand consummation
Was once the swart king of the plough!

Ladies' Department.

A DANGEROUS GUIDE.

CHAPTER I.

Fraulein Schwartz stood at the door of her cottage, looking anxiously down the road between the mountains. She shaded her eyes with her brown hand as she looked along the winding way, which was visible for a mile, except where it curved round the base of a rock too ponderous to be removed. Yes, at last there was no mistake, there was a traveler walking toward her cottage.

Time enough, too, she soliloquized. Since they opened the new road on the other side of the hill all the carriages go that way, and no one comes here except some poor tourist who can't afford to ride, or an artist who carries his brushes on his back and little enough besides. Who is going to buy my beautiful carvings that I got from Paris now, I wonder?"

It certainly seemed hard to the fraulein that a diversion of traffic should go so near ruining her, for she had forsaken her German home some years before and settled in Switzerland, in hope of increasing her income by furnishing the ever-increasing horde of travelers with necessaries in the shape of food and lodging, and luxuries in the shape of carved beads and trinkets of all sorts.

The tourist who was now plodding up the neglected track was the first she had seen for two days.

'Good morning, sir,' she said, as soon as Hardy was within easy hail. 'It's a very warm day, sir.'

'Warm!' ejaculated Hardy, throwing himself on a bench; 'it's melting. I've left a good part of myself on the road. If this goes on I must erect a monument to my remains in Switzerland when I go home. Drink, my good woman; I am parching.'

But before he had finished asking for it she had brought him a large jug of milk, which he seized and drained.

'That lubricates the thorax satisfactorily,' he remarked as he finished. 'Now, my good woman, I've a friend a little way behind. Can you put us up for the night?'

'Yes, sir; I've two nice clean beds.'

'You're sure they're clean?'

'Oh, yes, sir; they haven't been slept in for a long while.'

'Oh, haven't they? You had better run a warming-pan through them, then, if you have such an article; if not, my hat on the end of an alpenstock will do just as well, for it's nearly aired hot. I'll just go in and have a wash and a shave if you will show me my room.'

'This way, sir; it's got a beautiful view.'

Hardy picked up his knapsack and followed her, remarking to himself:

'Beautiful view!' That's what they always say when your window opens on the back of a cowshed.'

Probably he would not have gone straight to his room had he chanced to look along the road in the direction of the summit of the pass, for there stood a charming little maiden marshaling her goats preparatory to driving them to the inclosure for milking. But though he had not seen her, she had caught sight of him, and after her gosts were safely housed she tripped down to the cottage to see who had arrived.

Life was rather monotonous among the mountains, and besides, Nina had special wish to be seen today, for it was her birthday, and on these festivals she was permitted to wear a necklet which a rich Englishman had given her two years ago for nursing him when he was lying ill at the cottage. But Nina left her goats and ran to find out who had arrived.

She had reached the cottage, and was just passing in at the door when she heard a footstep behind her. Curiosity urged her to look round, but maidenly dignity forbade the step, so she passed on, wondering if the stranger would speak. He did not, but she felt an arm steal round her waist and a kiss on her cheek.

She darted round in her indignation, and met the amused look of Walter, her betrothed.

'Why, Nina, are you going to be angry with me for stealing a kiss on your birthday?'

'Oh no, Walter, dear; I did not know it was you.'

'Who else did you think it could be, little one? Ah, I did not tell you I was coming over to pass today so as to see you before I return to the Brunig.'

As he spoke he held out a bracelet of carved wood—not very valuable, perhaps, but it was his own work. Nina lifted up as her little face to thank him with a kiss he bent to fasten it round her wrist.

'Nina, who gave you that necklet?' he asked as his eye caught sight of it.

'Mr. Linton, an Englishman, two years ago. I only wear it on my birthdays.'

'I never saw it before.'

'You forget we were not bethrothed a year ago. Come, my Walter, you must not be jealous. I have never seen him since? I do not know where he is or anything about him.'

But Walter's face did not resume its gay look; he knew something of the free ways of certain travelers, and did not like to know that his Nina had taken a present from an English miliord.

'I must go and milk the goats now,' continued Nina; 'come and help me.'

But her step-mother's voice at that moment called her into the cottage.

'Wait for me a minute, Walter,' cried Nina as she ran in. Walter, however, strolled slowly toward the goats, thinking he would begin the milking without waiting till the fraulein had said all that she wanted.

As Nina disappeared through the back door Hardy came out of the front, his face covered with lather, and in a state of comical distress.

'Confound it all!' he exclaimed, 'my razor is in Linton's knapsack. I thought I heard a man's voice here too; where is he?'

He was surprised to feel an arm grasp his, but immediately drop it with a little shriek.

'Oh, I beg your pardon, sir; I thought you were Walter.'

'I'm sorry to say I am not,' began Hardy, but Nina commenced to laugh as she saw his condition.

'I almost kissed you without looking,' she said with a smile.

'Don't let any consideration for me stop you,' replied Hardy gallantly; 'but perhaps, if you could get me a towel the operation would be pleasanter for both of us.'

Nina had tripped away before he finished, and soon returned with the towel. But instead of giving it to Hardy, she began to signal with it. This was too much, and he gently took it from her.

'Please postpone your signals for a moment, my little maiden,' he said, but she took no notice.

'Why does he turn away and go on still?' she asked.

'Who?'

'Walter.'

'I give it up; perhaps because he sees me.'

Nina ran away in the direction of the goats, and was soon out of sight.

'Corydon and Phyllis have had a slight row,' mused Hardy; 'however, I suppose they will make it up again; it must be a serious business to quarrel with the only available lover within twenty miles. Hallo! here's the lazy fellow crawling up at last. Come, along, old tortoise!'

A handsome young man, with light wavy hair and mustache, came slowly up, and sat down on the bench with a sigh of relief.

'I've been resting, Jack,' he said.

'I would be more worthy of remark if you hadn't.'

'You walk at such a pace, you know.'

'So do you, and a jolly slow one it is Where's my razor? Lend me your knapsack. Look here, you sit out here for five minutes and recruit with some milk while I shave.'

Hardy disappeared into the house, but a moment after his head appeared out of the window over the bench on which his chum was sitting.

'This is first-rate,' he remarked; 'I can go on shaving and listen to your inspiriting conversation at the same time.'

'What beautiful scenery!' exclaimed Linton, looking down the valley.

'Ah!' returned Hardy, 'and the milk is on a level with it.'

'We shall have this view from our room.'

'Yes, but a little more furniture and a little less scenery would be more my form. Look at this looking glass—one eye at the time, please; there isn't room for more on it.'

'This valley always brings happy thoughts to me,' said Linton half to himself.

'Can't wonder at it,' returned Hardy as he gave a finishing touch to his chin. 'You were laid up for a week with a sprained ankle somewhere about here, I think two years ago weren't you? And we nearly lost ourselves last night trying a short cut.'

'That was a happy time, Jack.'

'Which?'

'When I sprained my ankle. I was nursed by the most charming girl. I wonder if she lives here now. We were like brother and sister before I went away.'

'I've seen her, my boy. But you must take care; she's got a strapping young fellow hanging around who's as jealous as Othello. I'm afraid I've caused a little heart-burning already. Oh, I'm a sad dog!'

'What a fool you are, Jack!'

'All right; don't you make yourself one as well. Here's the old dragon.'

Fraulein Schwartz had heard voices and come out to welcome the new arrival. She well remembered Linton, and received him with effusion.

'Nina will be back in a minute or two, sir; she has only gone to milk the goats. She has grown since you saw her, sir.'

'Ah, she was a girl then; I suppose she is a woman now.'

'You shall see, sir—here she comes.'

Linton watched her as she came down the road, not altogether pleased to see a tall young fellow with her.

On the other hand, Walter was so vexed at seeing two strangers, evidently waiting her return, that he had half a mind to turn back and retreat over the pass in anger. But his jealousy kept him near his betrothed; he could not let her out of his sight.

'Well, Nina,' said Linton, as she came up, 'I've come back, you see, as you asked me two years ago.'

'I am glad to see you, sir,' she replied demurely, for she felt that Walter's eyes were on her.

'Fraulein Schwartz made me expect to find you quite a woman, but you are still my little Nina, I see. Are you grown too big to be kissed now?'

'Don't be a fool, Charlie,' whispered Hardy to him; 'can't you see that fellow looks as if he would like to murder you?'

But the question had been already decided by Nina's drawing back her hand from Linton's and walking up to Walter. The latter, however, did not look at her, but gazed moodily across the valley.

'A sweet youth that,' remarked Linton carelessly.

In the meantime Walter was clenching his hands in his pockets, and muttering to him self; 'She told me that she did not know where he was, and he was in the house all the time. And he would have kissed her.'

CHAPTER II.

'Well, Charlie, I suppose we are to push on to Werhausen to-day,' said Hardy as they sat outside the cottage next morning over their breakfast.

'Yes, I suppose so. Where's Nina vanished? I want some more milk.'

'You've about a pint left; let Nina alone, my boy. As it is, that fellow Walter seems to be unable to make up his mind whether to be an angel with you or with Nina. Look at him now, his scowl is enough to turn the milk sour.'

'Oh, bother Walter; I've come twenty miles out of my way to see Nina, and I shall ignore Walter's existence for the next hour. I supp se we ought to start at nine.'

'Yes, and we shall have all our work cut out, for I don't mean to try any more short cuts without a guide.'

'Perhaps Nina can tell us whether we can get one. I'm going to see at any rate, Nina!'

She came running out, and Linton made her sit down while he questioned her about the possibility of obtaining a guide to Werhausen. His excuse for detaining her was not a very happy one, for she at once said that Walter was returning in that direction to-day and would be glad to guide them.

Hardy looked at Linton interrogatively.

'I wish, Jack, you'd try to arrange it with him,' said the latter; he won't do it if I ask him, I'm afraid, and time is an object now.'

'All right, I'll try what I can do,' replied Hardy. 'I think he'll come if only to insure our being at a distance from Nina.'

'Yes,' shouted Walter, making all command of himself, and making his voice echo down the mountain, 'yes, you would come with your full purses and your smiling faces to turn her away from me, who love her and work for her, and live from week to week on the chance of seeing her. You give her fine presents which she wears, and she tells me with an innocent smile that she does not know where the gentleman who gave them her has gone, and ten minutes afterward I find him at the cottage and wanting to kiss her. She little thinks I saw him kiss her this morning when he sent me to fetch his alpenstock. But now it is my turn, you are in my power.'

Hardy stepped forward to seize him, but he stretched out his hand.

'Did you hear that?' he asked. 'Look down the valley.'

A roll of thunder reverberated from mountain to mountain, and instinctively the two friends looked down into the dark valley below them. At the same moment, with a mocking laugh, Walter sprang down the rock. His ruse had succeeded, and they were alone on the mountain.

But his triumph was a short one. Exasperated beyond measure at the trick, and desperate at the state of affairs, Hardy seized a stone as large as his two fists and threw it after the retreating guide. He was a good cricketer, and his missile sped truly, hitting Walter on the left shoulder. With a cry he fell forward, rolling over several times before he stopped. The two friends leaped wildly down the mountain in pursuit, reaching him while he was still on the ground. Linton seized him with a grip that showed that he meant to give him no further chance of escape, when a groan broke from the guide's lips.

'Gently, Charlie,' said Hardy, 'you're hurting him; I'm afraid he's broken something. What's the matter, Walter?'

'My arm,' replied the guide feebly; 'I think it is broken.'

Hardy knew something of surgery, so he examined the arm and found it was broken below the elbow. It had become doubled up underneath him as he fell. Hardy tore up their handkerchiefs and bound the arm up after setting it as well as he could; a shirt from his knapsack was made into a tolerable sling, and when all had been done that could be done, they helped Walter back to the spring and bathed his shoulder and head, the one bruised by the stone, the other by the fall. He received their attentions without thanks, but without any objections. He was evidently in great pain, and appeared to have forgotten the recent excitement he was in.

'Now, Walter,' said Hardy after a short rest, 'do you feel well enough to walk again? You can take my arm, and when I'm tired Linton will help you along. We must rest now and then, for we don't feel very fresh. How far is it to the nearest house?'

'Two hours' walk away there is a cottage; we can't reach Werhausen to-night. We must start at once, or we shall have the storm on us.'

Without more talk they rose and set off. But look here,' exclaimed Linton, testily, as they had to help each other up a rock; 'we don't want to do any climbing to-day, we want to get to Werhausen, and the road can't be over a mountain.'

'If you are not content to follow me,' replied Walter surtilly, 'it would be best for you to go your own road.'

This was a finish to the conversation, for, as the touris s had already supposed, they were utterly out of the ordinary track, and neither of them had an idea of their position. Linton received the man's impertinent answer with a philosophic shrug, resigning himself to the unpleasantness of a harder walk than he had anticipated, but Hardy, who had caught sight of his face as he spoke, began to feel seriously uneasy.

'I say, Charlie,' he said, 'don't do anything to make that fellow angry.'

'Make him angry?' It's the other way, I think. I'm getting fairly savage with him for leading us this dance.'

'I wouldn't tell him so if I were you.'

'Why not?'

'Well, you see, if he were to become unpleasant it would be rather awkward for us, wouldn't it?'

'I don't see that; we are two to one. Besides, why should he turn unpleasant?'

'He saw you kissing Nina this morning.'

'Did he? I can't help it; he shouldn't have been looking.'

'Unfortunately, he was, and I can't help thinking he means to pay us out.'

'You think he is taking us this round by way of administering a lesson to us? By Jove! if I thought so'—

'Do keep still, Charlie; don't make him angry.'

'Why, what on earth's come over you, Jack? Surely you aren't afraid of that fellow?'

'Yes, I am, I confess it.'

'Why, I believe I could tackle him single-handed, and I'm sure you could.'

'Yes, but we are in his power. If he means mischief he has nothing to do but to choose his time for doing it.'

'Good heavens, Jack! do you mean that he thinks of losing us on the mountain.'

'I don't say he does, but I fear it. And if he does, how can we prevent him? All he has to do is to suddenly run off; we can never overtake him, as he knows very well. In half an hour he would be out of sight, and we—where should we be?'

Linton grew pale, but recovered himself. They were now walking along the side of a buttress of the mountain, up which they had been toiling. The ascent was very gradual, and they could talk without undue exertion. Walter was a couple of yards in front, stolidly striding along.

'What shall we do, Jack?' asked Linton, who recognized in his companion a stronger mind. 'Is it any good to tell him that I meant nothing by kissing Nina, and that I shall never see her again?'

'No, no; we must not let him suspect us or it is all up. When we come to a good place we will propose stopping to eat something; one of us must keep near him all the time. Or, better still, you must get faint and insist on taking his arm. You must never let us go a step along as he is with us we are safe, for I scarcely expect his wish for revenge is strong enough to let him risk his own safety.'

'I believe he means to thoroughly tire us out before he does anything, and that won't take long, so far as I am concerned; my legs are beginning to give way, and he is going on as fresh as paint. Let's bring matters to a crisis.'

'Hi, Walter!' shouted Hardy; 'we're getting hungry. We'll stop here and have some bread and cheese.'

'There is a much better place a little further on,' replied the guide, 'where there is a spring.'

'Shall we go on?' whispered Hardy to Linton. 'He as careless as you can.'

'As you like; if there is a spring it will be a blessing.'

'All right; let's go on if it isn't far,' said Hardy aloud. 'But my friend is knocked up, you must give him your arm, and I'll take him by the wrist.'

Linton moved forward to take his arm. Hardy had already taken hold of the knapsack so quickly that the guide had no time to move away, even if he had wished. He made no objection to the proposal, and Linton put his arm through his, Hardy keeping close in the rear. They could still talk to each other, for they knew that Walter did not understand English.

In this manner they plodded wearily on for another mile, no slight distance when the path is ever rocks and loose stones. The scene was an impressive one, but at present its exceeding desolation was the characteristic which the two friends felt most strongly. Not a house was in sight, and scarcely a tree; nothing but bare rocks and earth. Below them lay a deep dark valley, with a rushing torrent which now looked a mere white thread; above them black rocks, capped with everlasting snows. For all that they could tell theirs were the first human footsteps that had ever fallen in this desolate spot.

Walter had spoken truth. There was a spring ahead of them, and the sight of it revived their spirits. They took it in turns to drink, one filling his cup while the other mounted guard over the guide. The latter seemed to be conscious by this time that he was the object of suspicion. He ate his crust and drank the water without making any attempt to move away from them, and Hardy half began to hope that he had been wronging him. At any rate, he determined to make one more attempt at conciliation.

'What time shall we reach Werhausen, Walter?' he asked.

'I shall get there about six,' he replied.

'Allowing how long for rest?' asked Hardy, purposely taking no notice of his using the word 'I.'

'You can rest as long as you like,' was the answer, 'but I am going on.'

'What do you mean? We've hired you as our guide, and you'll have to stop or go on as we wish.'

'I am not your guide. I would not take money from you if I were starving. I only brought you here to take you away from Nina. It will be a long time before you find your way back there again, my fine young gentlemen.'

This was a declaration of war, and we all felt it to be so. Walter rose and faced them, standing about two paces off. Hardy looked straight at him and said: 'Do you mean that you brought us out of our way because of some harmless flirting with Nina?'

'Yes,' shouted Walter, in all command of himself, and making his voice echo down the mountain, 'yes, you would come with your full purses and your smiling faces to turn her away from me, who love her and work for her, and live from week to week on the chance of seeing her. You give her fine presents which she wears, and she tells me with an innocent smile that she does not know where the gentleman who gave them her has gone, and ten minutes afterward I find him at the cottage and wanting to kiss her. She little thinks I saw him kiss her this morning when he sent me to fetch his alpenstock. But now it is my turn, you are in my power.'

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'Two hours' walk away there is a cottage; we can't reach Werhausen to-night. We must start at once, or we shall have the storm on us.'

Without more talk they rose and set off. It was a weary tramp; they began by retracing their steps for nearly an hour, and then turned off by the side of a pine forest in the direction of Werhausen. By this time it had come to Linton's turn to help the invalid, and he could not refrain from telling him how mistaken he was about Nina.

'She had no idea I was coming to the cottage; I did not know it myself till a few days ago. And that necklet that I gave her two years ago was when she was a child and nursed me when I sprained my ankle. Besides, Walter, when she found that you were angry with her for wearing it, she determined to give it back to me. Look here, here it is; she gave it to me before breakfasts this morning, when you saw us together and were so savage about it.'

'Is that all true?' he asked.

'Every word, on my honor.'

'Then I have been a jealous fool, and have come very near being something worse. I would have killed you if I had dared as we climbed up the side of the mountain this morning, and now you are saving my life, though you know I meant to leave you on the mountain to die. But look, the storm is coming; you must run and leave me. The cottage is round that next point; you will get there in time.'

'No, you must come too; walk as fast as you can.'

'No, leave me; I will shelter under this rock till it is over.'

'Nonsense! you'll never be able to walk a yard by yourself. Lean on me as much as you like.'

Walter had been getting more feeble during the last half hour, and had once or twice shown symptoms of fainting; it would have been almost certain death to leave him alone now with a storm rapidly approaching. So the two friends toiled painfully on with their heavy burden, footsore and weary, and scarce able to drag one foot before the other. They had abandoned all hope of reaching the cottage before the storm broke; they knew that when once it had begun there was very little chance of proceeding, and hope of safety had almost died. Suddenly, however, Linton caught sight of a peasant making all speed for the shelter of the cottage; they shouted to him and he came to their assistance. Another moment and the rain came, a thick mist filled the air, and for all they could tell they might be a hundred miles from the little chalet. Fortunately, the peasant knew the vicinity of his home blindfold, and after a struggle against the tempest they were safely housed from its fury.

A night's rest revived the strength of all three. Under Walter's willing guidance they accomplished in a few hours the rest of the distance to Werhausen, where medical aid was procured. Before they parted Walter took Linton aside and begged him to let him have the necklet which Nina had returned to him. 'I will give it to her again,' he said, 'and will ask her to wear it always, and when I feel suspicious or jealous again I shall look at it, and it will remind me of the time that we have spent together on the road to Werhausen.'—[All the Year Round.

LOVE'S DEPTH.

Love's height is easy scaling; skies allure;
Who feels the day-warmth needs must find it cure;
Strong castles ride the lofty sunlit air,
Risking no rivals while their wings endure.
Yet is thy noblest still thy least secure,
And falling thee—shall then thy love despair?
Shall not thy heart more boldly prepare
Some depth unfathomable—perfect pure?
Say that to thee there come love's dreadful call
The downward swiftness of thy Best to see;
Say that he sin or sicken, what of thee?
Are thine arms deeper yet to stay his fall?
Scarcely love's utmost may in heaven be;
To hell it reacheth so 'tis love at all.
—[Poems, Lyrics and Sonnets, Miss Bevington.

THE STORY OF A HUMAN HAND.

A SCOTCH LOVER'S RUSE.

When I tell you that in my story there is a broken wheel and a storm, perhaps you will accuse me of romancing; but I did not break the wheel or cause the rain, and as my narrative is true, I assure you that the wheel of Lord Fergus's carriage broke opposite the door of an inn; also that there was a terrific storm in the mountains.

Lord Fergus was not an ordinary man. That he was a gentleman was evident. Aside from that, however, it would have been difficult to decide whether he were young or old, good or bad, handsome or otherwise. Something strange, his manner at other times were of captivating gentleness.

Occasionally, without apparent cause, he had sudden accessions of wild gayety or rapturous meditation. At such times all that was obscure and strange about this incomprehensible being was revealed, and seemed to concentrate, as in a double focus, in his eyes, intense, unfathomable and majestic. His gaze exercised such a mesmeric influence over the gentler sex, that the noble lord always took the precaution of putting on green glasses when he desired to be loved for himself.

It is needless to add that he was generally regarded as a magnetizer. In vain did he contradict this explanation with great sincerity that it was not by magnetism at all, but by irradiation, sympathetic projection, that he sometimes quite involuntarily exercised a sort of fascination over some refined natures. No one believed it, so persistent are the vulgar in wishing to have explained by ordinary methods effects which they cannot comprehend the cause.

Be that as it may. After Lord Fergus had been sufficiently discussed, they all agreed it to be impossible to understand the man. The secret of his power lay entirely in the expression of his eyes.

Lord Fergus was dreaming in the large waiting room of the inn. The rolling of a carriage and the cracking of whips suddenly disturbed his revery. Curious and idle as are all travelers, he hurried to the balcony, and saw a young lady, descend from a four-horse carriage, who, as well as he could judge from so great a distance, appeared to be marvelously beautiful. The lady proved to be the Princess Gelsomina Cordileone. At that moment a heavy roll of thunder shook the house and made every window rattle. The princess, deathly pale, and with clasped hands, hurried toward Lord Fergus, exclaiming:

'In heaven's name close all the doors and windows, and remain with me!'

In the midst of the frightful tumult of the elements they were imprisoned for two long hours. Every time Lord Fergus attempted to speak, the princess, with a gesture of terror, entreated him to be silent. But if speech were denied them, their eyes were eloquent, and when the last crash of thunder had passed away, their destinies were more indissolubly united than if their acquaintance had extended over a period of years. 'Tis true, they had not spoken, but silent love is the most vehement.

'Milord,' then said the princess, 'I thank you for the service which you have rendered me. Now if you will be so kind as to order the carriage my gratitude will be complete.'

Lord Fergus, with lightning rapidity, went to do her bidding, and returning immediately, announced the carriage. The princess bestowed a gracious smile upon Lord Fergus, who bowed profoundly as she passed. But at that moment an expression of pain distorted the face of the princess. She stopped, pressed her hand to her left cheek, and exclaimed, with a suggestion of tears in her voice:

'Oh, how I suffer!' As she spoke she sank into a chair.

Lord Fergus felt no surprise. He had watched her preparations for departure with imperturbable calmness, but understood the language of love too well to suppose an adventure happening to two such powers as this lady and himself could end thus abruptly. I say two powers, for if Lord Fergus had a magnetic gaze, the princess possessed a voice of wonderful sweetness. The human ear has never heard anything comparable to its music. Clear, rich, and vibrant, it ruled, caressed and inspired. At the first word she uttered Lord Fergu's thought: 'It is inconteatable that if that voice commanded the sacrifice of my life I should obey without hesitation.' Therefore, in response to the lady's plaint he approached her, and having contemplated her with his supernatural regard, asked:

'Are you ill, princess?' and his intense look seemed to add: 'Do you think I will permit you to suffer?'

The princess raised her fine eyes confidingly to his face—eyes double beautiful from the tears of pain glistening like diamonds in their depths. 'Yes, suffering intensely from neuralgia,' she responded. 'Oh, if some one could help me!'

'I will relieve you immediately,' said Lord Fergus. 'Lift up your head, and look at me.' As he spoke he laid the point of his index finger between her eyes. Omnipotence of irradiation and sympathetic projection! The princess, without the slightest hesitation, with no embarrassment whatever, lifted up her head at once, and the operator passed his finger lightly along the right eyebrow. This prelude was so assured, so grave, that the most captious mind could not have refused to recognize it in a power sure of itself and of its infallibility. The princess felt it instantly, and all the sympathetic currents of her nature seemed to concentrate beneath the lovely brow which the light fingers of the operator were caressing. What folle red human language has no words to describe. The whole soul of Lord Fergus had passed into his fingers and seemed to emanate in waves of electricity from their very extremity. He began by passing his hand over the forehead and cheeks of the princess, scarcely grazing them, causing the delicate skin to tremble as if brushed by a soft zephyr. Returning afterward to the junction of the two eyebrows, he followed the contour of the delicate arches with his thumb, swept, going back, the cheeks, and upward to the inner canthur of the eye, to touch lightly the nose, glide along the upper lip, linger a moment at the corner of the mouth, and reach at length the centre of the chin, where he stopped.

Lord Fergus, as an experienced operator, had reasons for stopping thus at this first phase—preliminary phase, in fact—for in starting anew from the chin, the operator became more energetic and animated. He had sometimes encountered caprice resistance from the sick who were unable to bear his irradiations. He hesitated, then, to observe the result of his efforts. But in this case the expectant and completely resigned expression of the lady left him in no doubt; and after remaining a moment with head thrown back and eyes closed, in order to collect his powers, he resumed his magnetic manipulations. Having laid both thumbs upon the chin, he described a fan with the fingers of each hand, enclosing the princess within it, moved his hands gently over the surface of the face, slowly raising them to the temples, and lowering them until they glided below the ear to the back of the neck, and met in the fine, soft hair. He then requested the princess to move her head gently, that he might advantageously press and rub the cervical articulations and muscles. This movement had also the advantage of permitting the fingers to be thrust more deeply into the capillary mass, which is pre-eminently adapted for the transmission of electricity, as every one knows. The fingers of Lord Fergus executed then, in the perfumed tresses where they were buried, a series of passes exquisiteiy delicate. It was, in fact, the decisive moment of the operation, for the cure entirely depended upon the perfect correspondence between the fullness of the rachidian bulb, situated at the brain, and the depletion of the nervous ganglions of the zygomatic arch, whose plethora occasioned the neuralgia in question. This finished, he undertook the third and last part of the operation, by far the most beautiful of all. His face expressed an inspiration truly august. As his hands fluttered over the sur face of this almost divine face, he resembled an artist designing an angel's face, or a sculptor modeling the head of a goddess. His with beating heart, and cheeks red with enthusiasm, seemed like Pygmalion animating his statue. At last, in a transport of power and triumph, placing the index finger of his right hand between the eyebrows of the princess, he said, with the air of a conqueror:

'You are cured.'

The lady, lifting her magnificent eyes to his face, and taking his hand, replied in her melodious voice:

'It is true. I thank you.'

And rising, she went to the stairway leaning upon the arm of the lord. He conducted her in perfect silence to her carriage. The postilion was already in the saddle. She stepped into the postchaise, offered her hand to Lord Fergus, who kissed it respectfully, and said:

'Drive on.'

'Princess,' observed Lord Fergus, 'the hand which has rested on your face shall never touch anything else. I dedicate it to you.' To which she could reply he made the signal of departure to the postilion, and bowed deeply; after which he re-entered the inn, and remained dreaming before the fire until a late hour of the night.

* * * * *

Eight days later the Princess Gelsomina was established in a little secluded village of Tyrol. A man on horseback, who claimed to have come from Berne by easy journeys, was inquiring for her. Riding up to the door of the inn, he leaned from his saddle, called for the inn-keeper, and asked:

'Is the Princess Gelsomina Cordileone here?'

'She is.'

'Is she in her room?'

'Yes.'

He dismounted, went upstairs, was introduced, and drawing a small case of white wood from a game-bag which he carried, presented it to the amazed lady, saying:

'This is from Lord Fergus Mac Forlar.'

Giving her no time to ask any particulars, he hastily descended the stairs, leaped upon his horse, and set off at a gallop. The princess, greatly agitated, ordered her servant to open the box. Having taken off the cover with many precautions, he informed her that it contained a package. The princess immediately dismissed him. As soon as she found herself alone she feverishly lifted from the case an object enveloped in white cambric. The cambric removed displayed an envelope of violet satin, with the arms of the princess and another person embroidered in silver upon it. Under the folds of satin something hard and angular was delineated. The lady unfolded the satin, and a silver box exquisitely chased, shaped like an Egyptian sarcophagus, appeared before her eyes. A tiny golden key hung from one of its feet. The princess took it off, inserted it in the lock, and opened it.

Upon a crimson velvet cushion bordered with a fringe of fine pearls, lay a human hand. The hand bore upon the little finger a ring, whose setting was a magnificent bezoar stone. The princess gazed a moment spellbound, then carefully reclosing the sarcophagus, and concealing the key in her bosom, she shrieked aloud. After which she threw herself upon a couch, enraged at the folds of her dress, and fainted. That hand was the right hand of Lord Fergus; that bezoar, was the ring of Lord Fergus! In two hours she left the village, and was never seen there more.

We will not attempt to depict the state of maddening love in which this fantastic and surgical gift had plunged the unfortunate Gelsomina Cordileon. Never before did horror, astonishment, gratitude, and pity so blend in a woman's heart. Many a man had offered her his hand, but to have it amputated and present it to her upon a velvet cushion fringed with pearls, was indeed a novelty. In regarding herself in her mirror, she could truly say that no other woman in the world had ever been the object of such adoration. And then as the hand was perfectly embalmed, she must needs take it often from its concealment to caress it, fancying this the best way to fulfill the wishes of the testator who had willed it to her.

Many months rolled away. The princess, overcome more and more with passionate regret, reproached herself for every imagination wrong. She had masses said for the repose of the hand of Lord Fergus—prayers that it might grow again. At last she became frantic. Every effort that she made to find Lord Fergus was of no avail; the detectives of Europe, America, and Australia could not discover his retreat.

In the meantime what was the eccentric lord doing. He had bribed all the attendants of the princess; just as soon as she arrived at a hotel he controlled that house; and during all this time he had watched her unceasingly, being concealed night and day in some one of her rooms. From such secret observatories he watched the progress of the malady which he had sown in that poor heart, until one day, deeming the time at last propitious, he stole from his hiding-place during his beloved's absence. Upon her return, the innkeeper announced to her with exceeding candor the arrival of an unknown gentleman. She had a presentiment as to his identity, as may be imagined. Hurrying to her dressing-room, she arrayed herself in the deepest mourning, after which she descended immediately to the salon, opened the door, and perceiving Lord Fergus, advanced a few steps toward him. He with great nonchalance pointed with his left hand to his right sleeve, which hung flat and empty at the end. The princess opened her arms.

But when Lord Fergus sprang forward in a transport of love easy to imagine, she recoiled, and with a cry of horror hid her face in her hands.

'I cannot,' sobbed she. 'I will never be able to.'

Then falling upon her knees before the dismayed lord, she explained to him with tears that her gratitude toward him was boundless; that she had passed days and nights thinking only of him; was distracted for being the cause of his mutilation. Since that fatal day she had suffered the torments of the lost; she had kissed the hand a hundred times a day; had twenty thousand masses said for his repose; prayers in every church and convent in the universe that a new hand might grow. She loved Lord Fergus; adored him; but his mutilation inspired her with repugnance and horror absolutely unconquerable. She would die of it, but she could never be his wife.

Lord Fergus listened attentively. He slowly raised his hand, gazed at the princess as if he would read her soul, and said:

'But you love me. And if my hand had not been amputated you would not have loved me.'

The princess made a gesture which signified assent.

'And if my hand were not cut off, you would render me happy?'

The princess assented.

'Will you swear it?'

'I swear it.'

'Upon my lost hand.'

'Upon your lost hand,' responded the weeping princess.

'Very well,' said Lord Fergus, solemnly; 'dry your tears, and be happy. God has answered your prayers, and performed a miracle. Behold!'

And throwing out his right arm, as a swimmer makes a stroke, Lord Fergus thrust from his sleeve a hand full of life and vigor.

* * * * *

They were sitting in a boat upon the Lake of Como, and as they drifted were enjoying the light breeze perfumed with the sweet scents of jasmine, violet, and orange blossoms. As they idly floated they were talking about their courtship. Lord Fergus, with adorable fatuity, explained how he had won her.

'The hand I sent you, my love,' said he, 'I purchased from a thrifty nurse in the hospital at Beane; a skilful embalmer prepared it for me. The rest you know.'

The princess looked at him, and struck him on the lips with a rose she bore in her hand.

'False, false!' cried she. 'How could an unsophisticated woman resist such a diabolical ruse? But you remember our first meeting?'

'Yes.'

'When I had the neuralgia?'

'Yes.'

The princess laughed merrily as she exposed two rows of perfect pearly teeth.

'Well, my love, I never had the neuralgia in my life.'—[Argonaut.

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway:
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though Justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

A YORKSHIRE LOVE LEGEND.

Some 300 years ago a very poor man kept a shop underneath the Minster towers. His business was as poor as he was; he had already five children, and one morning his wife gave birth to a sixth,